-127-5-5

Northern Messenger

Wm Bronscombe 23 10 05

VOLUME XL. No. 15 MONTREAL, APRIL 14, 1905. 40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

Along the Coast of Labrador.

The heart of the English-speaking race has ever responded to tales of the sea, with all their daring and heroism, and in particular to tales of the northern seas, where the ice and snow make the conflict with nature sterner. It is hard to imagine any place where this conflict, this fight for life as it really is, is keener, involves more constant daring, more patient heroism than among the rocky bays and inlets of the Labrador coast.

The whole peninsula of Labrador lies 'sterile and forbidding among fogs and icebergs famous only besides for dogs and cod.' When the average man or woman of to-day was at school, there was an even scantier fringe than there is now along the north coast, of hard names, in which the 'k's' seemed to be showered with impartial liberalty—survivals of the gradually disappearing Eskimo race. If we remembered Cape Chidley and Cape Charles we felt it was all that could be expected of us, while for some of us, at least, all thought of real life in such a bleak place was centred round the Indians, the Eskimo and the fur traders in Ballantyne's 'Ungava.'

To-day it is different, for, largely through the work of the Royal National Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen, during the past thirteen years, the central figure of which has been Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, whose picture we give, the fisher-folk of the Labrador coast are no longer strangers to us. In many places, indeed, on this side the ocean and on the other, the name of Dr. Grenfell and his helpers are household words. The children whose busy little fingers make scrap-books or sew quilts for the hospitals, the older folks who make and mend warm clothing for the shivering frames or supply drugs, instruments and needed stores for the mission hospitals and the mission vessel, aged helpers here and there throughout the country who show their sympathy by knitting warm socks, mittens, hoods or helmets,—all are coming to understand more and more the conditions of the Labrador fishermen.

Dr. Grenfell himself says of these men:—'For over twenty years I have lived among the deep-sea fishermen on both sides of the Atlantic, and I can safely challenge any man to say that they are unworthy representatives of an ancestry we love to boast of. The same courage even unto death, I have seen exhibited again and again, and that where no other spur to action existed than the imperious conscience of a brave sailor. No reward was looked for, no mead of praise obtained. Yet I have seen men go to save a human life, where heroes might have feared to follow; for more than once it meant passing, alone and unobserved, into the Valley of the Shadow of Death.'

The people of Labrador are chronically poor. The 'livyeres,' or people of the country (live heres), as distinguished from those who come from Newfoundland for the fishing season only, depend, of course, on fish for their main living. With the best possible catch, and barring all accidents, they can get only a very modest livelihood, while under ordinary circumstances, it is often little more than a pittance.

If for any reason the fish catch fails them, then starvation stares them in the face, for the long winter is yet to come with only the scantiest supply of flour to take them through it. That these people are incapable of avoiding these extremities without help of some kind is shown by the following extract from one of Dr. Grenfell's letters:—

'We have been calculating up the gross earnings of a fisherman on this coast in a bad

DR. WILFRED T. GRENFELL.

year. I have a whole list before me, and at the risk of being tedious I will here reproduce one:—

'X—— Y——, widower. Has eight children. Mostly quite small. Owns one herring net and two salmon nets. His only help is his son of eighteen.

Caught this year 30 qtls. of fish. Valued at $3.20	$96.00
Salmon, none. The easterly seas destroyed his nets	....
Cod oil. Just paid for the salt he used to cure the fish	....
Earned on the roads, nil. None at the place he lived	....
Came to the mill and cut logs, and thus earned..	44.00
(This is beyond the reach of most of the families.)	
Total earnings for the twelve months	$140.00

These are the people among whom Dr. Grenfell and his helpers live and work, gladly giving of their best to the needy, the desolate, the sorrowing, for the Master's sake.

Dr. Grenfell has made a notable record on the stormy coast of Labrador as a medical missionary. His parish is a wild, bleak sea that is swept with storm and breaks in angry foam along a rocky shore. For daring and danger his work is not surpassed by any missionary field in the world, and Dr. Grenfell has proved himself a worthy match for it. An Oxford graduate, he is seaman, missionary, promoter of industry, magistrate, physician, nurse and helpful friend, and his bravery and sympathy and sacrifice have made him dear to every fisherman on the coast. In his vessel, the 'Strathcona,' built largely from the generous gift of Lord Strathcona, he visits every remote cove, bringing away to the hospitals, of which there are three, such as need treatment there and in countless ways ministering to the needs of the people.

An extract from Dr. Grenfell's own pen, in his fascinating book, 'Vikings of To-day,' gives a vivid picture of the mode of operation and of the homes reached by the mission:—

'On our arrival in a harbor our method was to hoist our blue flag to announce our arrival, to then visit any seriously sick I could hear of, after which we had evening service in a shed, stage, or house, and then, last of all, any would come for advice or assistance. To every family or vessel a good bundle of reading was given if they wished it, all the literature being selected at home as healthy and suitable for fishermen. If any wanted God's Word that too was to be had for the asking for it; while a register was kept of all the poor, describing as accurately as we could the nature of the needs and deserts of each case, in order that when at the end of the year we divided up the warm clothing we had brought out, it should fall into the hands of the most deserving. In this way also we became possessed of a valuable record for future reference.

Thus in one home when visiting a case, I found my patient to be the mother of a large family. The poor thing, who, with self-sacrificing courage, had refused to believe herself ill till she could get about no more, was lying on one single wood form in a bare and dirty room, her head close to an old cracked stove, behind which a crowd of shivering urchins were huddled together. The sickness was acute bronchitis and pleurisy, made worse by little clothing and less food. A haggard man meanwhile was pacing up and down nursing a screaming and hungry baby.

I pulled the children out from behind the stove for inspection; but their rags so failed to cover them, that each hastened back at once after the ordeal to the seclusion and warmth behind the old stove. The complete attire of one bony little mite was an old trouser leg into which he was packed like a sack. All were alike barefooted.'

Besides the three hospitals, the mission has instituted co-operative stores, that the fisherman may get the utmost possible profit out of his season's catch, and industrial work that the young men may be trained during the winter months in carpentry and other useful trades, that the girls may be instructed in sewing and other domestic knowledge, and thus the way be opened for self-help and independence. The mission has obtained a lumber grant from the Newfoundland Government which offers winter employment to a good number who need that help, the lumber finding ready market in St. John's.

At a moderate calculation, the mission benefits in greater or less degree close on 10,000 people each year. All this involves great outlay; in fact, even with the wisest administration, it takes some $20,000 yearly to carry on the work. This money must come almost entirely from private gifts, and there is every need for increased support.

This is a work that we can most heartily

endorse. It is strictly and invariably undenominational in its religious aspect, and being on behalf of a people almost at our own doors, of the same race as we are ourselves, it should appeal to Christian people throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion. We shall be glad to receive at this office and forward all moneys given by readers of this paper. A cot in one of the hospitals may be supported by any individual or society for the small sum of $50.00 a year, and may be named for the supporters. Subscriptions, either for a cot, or towards the general expenses, no matter how small, will be gladly received by us, and promtly acknowledged in the 'Messenger' columns.

Dr. Grenfell is now in this country, visiting some of the various points where workers already exist and seeking to win other friends for the Mission. He is at present in the United States, but is to be in Canada early in May, after which he turns his face towards home for another summer's work on the Labrador.

A Beautiful Legend.

There is a beautiful legend of three servants of the Lord in a certain city, to whom an angel was sent with a message to prove which of them loved God best. One was a silver tongued minister who swayed thousands with his words. To him the angel went, and finding him in prayer gave him, this message. 'He to whom thou speakest bids thee go to the huts across the snow and serve him there.' The answer came hesitatingly, 'Why?'

The angel sighed and went to the next servant, a man gifted with wisdom, and gave a like message: 'He of whom thou thinkest, bids thee go to the huts across the snow and serve him there.' And the one was grieved and answered, 'How?'

The angel then went to the third servant who was wont to go on willing errands for his Master and said: 'He whom thou servest bids thee go to the huts across the snow and serve him there.' And that one was grieved and answered 'When?' The last one loved best.

When God calls us, we can safely leave the 'why,' for him to reveal in his own wise time, and the 'how' God has already provided for. We need only to answer, 'When Lord?' 'When shall we go?' If he says, 'Now,' be ready to go in whatever direction he sends.—'The Firebrand.'

'We Will Start To-morrow.'

(Sydney Clarke, in 'American Messenger,')

There was a deep religious interest in the village of R——. The Spirit of God was evidently striving with many. Meetings were held each night in the church, and a number had expressed their desire to become Christians. The pastor and others were active in trying to lead the inquirers to Christ, and endeavoring to persuade those who were waiting to start at once on the way to the Saviour.

Among those waiting to become Christians was a young man who, for the sake of a name, may be called Dean. He was a man of excellent character and habits, and respected by all. He was the wealthiest and most cultured of the youth of the place. Dean was engaged to be married to one of the best young ladies of the village. The time set for the wedding was his twenty-first birthday, which, at the time of the religious interest, was only a short way off. Though both respected religion and were regular in their attendance at the church, neither was a professing Christian; and it is to be feared that neither was at heart a child of God.

One evening during the series of meetings, Dean and his affianced wife were at the service, and both of them were deeply moved. When the invitation to come forward and thus make a start in the way of salvation was given, Dean seemed ready to rise, but sank back in his seat. The pastor, noticing the movement, stepped to the young man and quietly invited and even urged him to start at once. Turning to the lady by his side, Dean said:

'I will go if you will.'

'Not to-night,' was her quiet reply.

The pastor seconded the words of the young man and urged her to make the effort. Gently enough earnestly did he try to persuade her to take the step at once, and thus the two give themselves to Christ. Kindly but firmly she refused. At last she told the young man that she too was nearly ready to begin to live the Christian life.

'We will start to-morrow night,' said she. 'I will go with you then.'

'Very well,' was his reply. 'If you will go to-morrow, then we will go together, and we will wait now.'

Hopefully the pastor left them, expecting to welcome both the next evening.

The next afternoon, as the pastor was calling on some of his people, he was startled to hear, as he passed by the home of the young lady to whom Dean was engaged, loud cries of anguish, as of some one in great distress. Entering the home, he met the young lady almost overwhelmed with grief. Taking the pastor's hand and calling him by name, she cried:

'Oh, if I had only let him go forward last night! Oh, if I had not kept him back until to-night! But it is too late now—too late! He is drowned! He can never go forward to seek Christ! I kept him back! I waited!'

Dean had gone out in a boat on the water that morning, and by some accident the boat was upset and he was drowned. The night came when the two were to start for Christ and heaven, but Dean was in eternity. He waited one day too late—only one day, but that may have meant eternity to him.

What Have You Done?

'I have been a member of your church for thirty years,' said an elderly Christian to his pastor, 'and when I was laid by with sickness only one or two came to see me. I was shamefully neglected.' 'My friend,' said the pastor, 'in all those thirty years how many sick have you visited?' 'Oh!' he replied, 'it never struck me in that light. I thought only of the relation of others to me, and not of my relation to them.'

Common enough is this sort of lop-sided religion. Quarrelsome people complain that there is no love in the world now, and unsociable folk murmur that everybody is so backward to speak upon divine things. Many have a very wide eye towards the graces which they receive, but they are nearly blind when it comes to giving out—they do not see it. 'It is hard to part,' they say, and so they and their gold abide together.—Exchange.

Don't Criticise.

The longer I live the more disposed I am to believe that there are people that more might have been made of. Let not the peach that hangs on the south side of the tree, that feels the breath of the south wind, and is warmed into blushes by the kisses of the sun, be too hard on its green, gnarled, acid neighbor that hangs on the shady side, and never feels anything other than the bitter, biting of the north wind's breath.—P. S. Henson, D.D.

Who is my Neighbor?

Somebody near you is struggling alone
Over life's desert sand.
Faith, hope, and courage together are gone;
Reach him a helping hand.
Turn on his darkness a beam of your light,
Kindle, to guide him a beacon-fire bright,
Cheer his discouragement, soothe his affright,
Lovingly help him.

Somebody near you is hungry and cold;
Send him some aid to-day.
Somebody near you is feeble and old,
Left without human stay.
Under his burden put hands kind and strong;
Speak to him tenderly, sing him a song;
Haste to do something to help him along
Over his weary way.

Who are our neighbors? Look up and behold,
Pressing on every hand,
Littles ones, lonely ones, sad ones, and old;
Everywhere see them stand.
He is our neighbor whom we can befriend,
He to whom comfort or aid we can lend,
Or he whose footsteps we cause to wend
Towards the Heavenly Land.

Dear ones, be busy, for time flieth fast;
Soon it will all be gone;
Soon will our season of service be past;
Soon will our day be done.
Somebody near you needs now a kind word;
Somebody needs help such as you can afford.
Haste to assist in the name of the Lord;
There may be a soul to be won.

'Australian Christian World.'

Costly, not Cheap.

It costs something to be a Christian, but it costs more not to be one.

To be a Christian you must renounce the world and its alluring treasures, honors and enjoyments; you must bear the ridicule, and, perhaps, the persecution of the children of the world; you must crucify your sinful flesh and keep it in continual subjection; you must bear the buffetings of Satan and resist his violent onslaughts; you must wage a continual and deadly warfare with the enemies of your soul until the hour of death.

But it will cost you more than all this not to be a Christian. You must then forego the joy of possessing a conscience at peace with God; must deprive yourself of the forgiveness of sin through the merit of a Divine Redeemer; must harass yourself during all your life with doubt and uncertainty regarding your future fate, and finally lie down to die with a despairing heart. Which of the two will you choose?—'Lutheran Witness.'

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS

A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of five new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each.

The People's Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine Doctor. This book gives a description of the diseases of the Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine, with exact doses of medicine. Usually sold at $1.00, will be given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger, at 40 cents each.

BAGSTER'S MINION BIBLE, suitable for Church, Sabbath School or Day School. Each boy and girl reader of the 'Messenger' should possess one. Given for three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each.

BAGSTER'S LONG PRIMER BIBLE — A handsome Bible, gilt edges, with the addition of 307 pages, containing the following Valuable Bible Helps, Concordance, Alphabetical Index, Maps, and Illustrations, with other aids to Bible study. Given to 'Messenger' subscribers for thirteen new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each or ten new subscriptions at 40 cents each.

PICTORIAL TESTAMENT—A handsome pictorial New Testament just published, neatly bound in leather, gilt edge. Given for four new subscriptions to 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, or six renewals at forty cents each.

BOYS AND GIRLS

We're Chums, You See.

They wonder why I run and tell
  Of every little thing,
And say I'm such a baby boy,
  Tied to an apron string;
But truly, I don't blame them much;
  They're different from me;
My mother knows just what is what,
  Because we're chums, you see!

When things are in a tangle up,
  And tempers snarling, too;
When some one needs a whipping bad,
  (And maybe it is you),
She never scolds nor makes a fuss,
  But, sweet as sweet can be,
Will try to help a fellow out,
  Because we're chums, you see!

If you've been going wrong, she knows
  Just how to set you right,
And shows you how your actions look
  In God's most holy sight;
While if there must be punishment,
  About that we agree,
Although her heart feels sorry, too,
  Because we're chums, you see!

She ciphers with me on my slate,
  Then helps me read and spell,
And makes me study hard and learn
  To say my lessons well.
And mother's great at games. She likes
  To play as well as we;
When our side wins she's just as glad,
  Because we're chums, you see!

She doesn't think her boy can go
  So very far astray
If we together keep as chums
  So close along the way.
We must the same dear Father love,
  Obedient children be;
Then we can both His blessing win,
  Because we're chums, you see!

I'm sorry for those other chaps,
  I pity ev'ry one;
They'd love to have a chum like mine,
  For all they're poking fun.
Some mothers are too tired, I know,
  And others do not care
To bother with the little boys,
  Their plays and studies share.

But mine! She's just the very best
  Of loving friends to me!
And, oh! I'm such a happy son
  Because we're chums, you see!

—Selected.

What It Cost.

A STORY OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.*

(In Three Chapters.)

(The Rev. Edwin Green, B.A., in the 'Alliance News.')

CHAPTER II.

'All the while I was in agonies to know how Bertram was getting on, and what he had said. I asked to be allowed to see my companion. I said he was ill, and required attention. But the Germans were too sharp. We were kept separate.

'On the next morning, about eight o'clock, a German officer came into the room in the inn where I was being kept a prisoner. He introduced himself as Lieutenant Barf, and told me that the village was now occupied by the Germans, that we were to be court-martialled at ten o'clock, and that he had been deputed to act as our counsel. Could I give him any information, he asked, which would be likely to be of use in our defence? My first impulse was to ask him about Bertram, but naturally I felt cautious.

'"Look here," said Barf, after some little talk, "I will be quite frank with you, and you may be so with me. Tell me what you like, except that you are guilty—I had rather you did not tell me that. I wish to do the best for you that I can."

'"I believe you, sir," I answered, and answered quite honestly.

'"Your friend is in a terrible state; he will hardly speak to me. He seems full of self-reproach. Between ourselves, I think that last night he was drunk, and said something compromising; and that, now that he is sobered, he half suspects the truth. He begs me to save you. He is content to die, he says, if only you can be saved. I have told him that he must be careful in what he says, for you stand or fall together."

'I assured Lieutenant Barf that Bertram was very drunk on the previous evening, and therefore was not responsible for anything he might have said. I felt that it was really all up with us, but I put on a bold face, and pointed out to the young officer that the trial ought to be adjourned, if possible, in order to communicate with the English Government. I suggested to him that to carry out a summary sentence upon two innocent Englishmen might entail very serious political consequences—that England was already a little alarmed at the German progress, and might, if irritated, espouse the cause of France, and rob Germany of its well-earned victory.

'Lieutenant Barf listened to my arguments in glum silence.

'"I'll do the best I can for you, sir," he said; "but I wish you had some stronger evidence, for I see no chance of any adjournment. And sentence will be carried out within twenty-four hours, so that will leave no time to communicate with the Ambassador at Berlin."

'I could not help seeing that we were in very great danger, although I would not own it. I had very little further to urge, except the absence of any compromising despatches, and soon our interview was over.

'At ten o'clock I was taken to a large house in the village, where evidently the staff had fixed their headquarters. I was ushered into a room full of soldiers. At a table sat a captain and two subalterns, who were to try us. I could not help wishing that I had encountered a larger body of soldiers. Then I should have been tried by officers of higher rank, who always feel greater responsibility in such matters. Bertram was present in custody. He looked haggard; indeed, he seemed very ill. Beyond a salutation upon meeting, he did not speak, but ever and anon looked imploringly at me, as if to entreat my forgiveness.

'I felt his painful position so much that I could not properly attend to the trial. I was so dazed that it was almost as if another person was being tried, and I was a spectator.

'The trial was short, and I was thankful for Bertram's sake. His agony was beginning to enter into my soul. I was afraid, too, that he might say something compromising, and so make matters worse. But, indeed, matters were bad enough. It was alleged that we had come secretly into the village. It was proved that the landlord had denied our presence in the inn; further, that we had tried to escape, and Bertram had violently resisted the soldiers; and, worst of all, Bertram had, in his drunken fit, given his real name, instead of his alias. This alone was sufficient to condemn us.

'Lieutenant Barf did all he could to secure an acquittal, or, failing that, an adjournment. He pleaded that Bertram was drunk, and he was therefore not responsible for his actions. He said that the attempt to escape was a mistake, caused by the attempt to arrest. He also strongly urged either an adjournment or a remission of the case to headquarters. I myself, when asked what I had to say why sentence should not be passed, protested very strongly against any haste, urging, as I had done to Barf, the serious consequences of a mistake.

'Our judges did not hesitate as to their action. They conferred with each other for a moment without leaving the room, and then the senior officer, the captain, said that the evidence was wholly against us, so much so that nothing could be gained by delay, and that therefore it was his stern, although disagreeable, duty to condemn us to be shot at six o'clock the next morning.

CHAPTER III.

It was then twelve o'clock. Oh how quickly that day seemed to fly, and yet I sometimes wished it was all over. My chief feeling of sorrow was for Bertram, who, I knew, must be in agony at the thought that, through his over fondness for wine, he had consigned his greatest friend to death. I begged to be allowed to see him, but was curtly refused. At ten o'clock I sat down and tried to write some letters to the home folk.

'Soon after, I had a farewell interview with Lieutenant Barf. I thanked him heartily for his kind services, and asked him, if possible, to procure me an interview with my friend. He promised to try. At midnight he came again, and told me that he had failed; we were not to meet until we met at the place of execution. Barf said that Bertram had been prostrated with grief on my account—almost, in fact, out of his mind. But that he had just had an interview with the parish "cure," and now seemed more reconciled to his fate; perhaps I might like to see the priest?

'I eagerly assented, wishing to send a message to Bertram. The "cure" came. He must have heard something of our story. He was very sympathetic and kind.

'I sent my love to Bertram, and told him that there was nothing to forgive. I asked him to bear up, for my sake.

'The remainder of that night I spent in writing, but the time seemed all too short. At six o'clock the "cure" entered with a sergeant, and told me the time had come. The "cure" knelt with me in prayer for a few minutes, and the sergeant offered me a cigar, which I declined with thanks.

'The morning was dark and foggy. Outside the house was the firing party, ten men all told. Bertram was already there, but beyond calling out "Courage, Bertram! All's well!' I was not allowed to speak to him, but was kept in the rear, whilst he was put in the front.

'"Quick march!" and off we went through the fog.

'"May I not speak to my friend?"

'"In a minute, but not yet," was the answer.

'The "cure" walked with Bertram. We left the village, and turned across the fields. Soon through the morning mist I saw the village church and the low wall of the graveyard. In the field outside that wall we halted. There

*From 'The Knight's Quest, and Other Tales For Boys,' one of the 'Azalea' Series, published at 1s. 6d., by the C.E.T.S., 4 Sanctuary, Westminster, London, S.W.

was a grave dug. I remember rejoicing that there was only one, and that we should lie together. I did not feel frightened, but I moved as in a dream. The sergeant came up.

'"Let me loose your hands, sir. You may speak to your friend now, but only for a few minutes."

'I was glad the time was not longer; yet I held Bertram in my arms. He was younger than I and always a boy to me; I held him as if I could never let him go.

'"You do forgive me, I know," he said. "Perhaps all may be well yet; and if it is, think that I am glad, will you?"

'What did he mean? His mind must be wandering, I thought.

'"All is well, Bertram, dear!" I said. "I am glad, so glad, to be with you!"

'We embraced and kissed, then I tore myself away from him.

'Meantime the priest had stepped up to the soldiers, and was talking earnestly to them, and pointing to us. Then quickly we were placed. My prayers were all for Bertram. My eyes were bandaged. I waited to hear the word of command, but a signal was used instead. I waited; it was but a few seconds—it seemed minutes. Then there burst upon my ears the sharp crack of the rifles, and, falling to the earth, I knew nothing more.

'When I awoke to consciousness I found myself in the priest's house. I was unhurt; not a bullet had touched me. Bertram had been slightly wounded by a ricochet bullet, but otherwise we were both none the worse for our adventure. When the soldiers fired we both fortunately fainted. We were covered for a few minutes by the good priest's cloak, and then, when the soldiers had hurriedly filed off, we were smuggled into the "cure's" house, and the empty grave was filled in, and marked by a wooden cross.

'Bertram's wound soon healed. After some weeks the Germans moved out of the district, and we were able to make our escape, across the frontier into Switzerland, and so to England.

'The "cure" told me what had happened. We owed our lives to Bertram's love and remorse, and to the great tact of the French priest.

'While we were bidding each other a last farewell the "cure" went up to the firing party.

'"Gentlemen,' he said quietly, but quickly, "the youngster over there"—pointing to Bertram—"wishes a favor, which is in your power to grant. He has brought his friend to this bloody death through the sin of drunkenness. As a soldier to soldiers, he asks that you will fire straight to his heart alone. Here is his fiancee's portrait, which is to be laid on his wounded breast, and on it he has written the words 'Honor before life.'"

'Not another word was said. The tears which rose in the eyes of those men must have spoilt their aim, or else—and more likely—each man secretly determined that his bullet should miss its mark.

'That is all—a bright ending to a sad tale, Ronald,' concluded Mr. Baker, caressing his boy, for Ronald had burst into tears.

'Do you wonder that we both became teetotallers, when we remembered what the drink had cost us then?'

'Father,' said Ronald, 'I am awfully sorry I wished what I did. I will never wish to give up my pledge again. Whatever it may cost me will be very little to what it cost you and Uncle Bertram.'

THE END.

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscriptions extended one year, free of charge, by remitting eighty cents for two new subscriptions.

William Awdry's New House

'Yes, it will be a nice place, I think, for us to end our days in. As you say, I am paying a good price for it, but of course, good materials and good workmanship must be paid for. When a man gives me good value I like to pay him a fair price.'

'Well that is the only honest way, of course; I'll look in and see how they are getting on with it.'

William Awdry was a well-to-do-man. He had decided to give up business, and build a house near the village in which he had been born, that his wife and he might pass their last days among the scenes of his early boyhood.

Plans had been prepared, and the building had been entrusted to John Tinkler, a local builder, whose father William Awdry could remember. His estimate had been rather high, but everything was to be of the best, and as Mr. Awdry said: 'Good value deserved a fair price.' This evening his old friend, Frank Russell, had dropped in to see him, and, knowing that the latter knew a great deal about building matters, William Awdry laid the plans before him.

Mr. Russell entered heartily into his friend's pleasure at the prospect of settling down in his native place. He praised the plans, and as the building was near his own house, he said that he would look in and see how the work was getting on.

This he soon did, and was taken over the place by John Tinkler himself.

'It'll be a real good house,' said John, 'and no mistake. The best of everything Mr. Awdry would have, and that's what we're giving him.'

'I suppose you are carrying out the plans strictly?'

'Of course,' said John, somewhat nettled; 'Mr. Awdry will be able to see that when he comes.'

'Well, I won't hinder you any longer now; do you think you could come over and see me to-night?'

* * * * * * * *

'It was a question of building I wanted to talk to you about,' began Mr. Russell when John called. 'I was looking at some building plans a day or two ago, and to-day I had a look over the building itself, so far as it had progressed.'

John shifted uneasily on his seat.

'I could not help noticing,' went on Mr. Russell, 'that in several things the building did not agree with the plans. In one place, for instance, the plans showed a double wall, but only a single one was being run up. Then in the matter of drain pipes, I noticed that those being put down were not the same as agreed upon.'

'They were just as good,' said John.

'If they were, that would not matter a bit. The agreement to use a certain kind should be kept. But as a matter of fact, I know something about building matter, and these were not as good.'

'No one would know the difference.'

'No; in every case where the agreement had not been carried out, it would be impossible to detect it when the building was finished until some repairs were required. But my friend is cheerfully paying a high price for good materials and thorough workmanship. Do you not think that a fair price deserves fair value?'

'Maybe it does,' admitted John.

'Of course it does. You have no more right to scamp the work than my friend has to keep back part of the price. Think it over.'

John did think it over. At first he felt furiously angry with Mr. Russell, but better feelings prevailed. He realized that his conduct was dishonest; there was no other word for it.

'Dick,' said he to his foreman the next day, 'that wall is too thin. Better make it double. And those pipes, we had better change them.'

Dick stared, but said nothing; and the house was finished according to the contract. It proved all that its owner could desire.

As for John, he had learnt the lesson that fair pay deserves fair value. He became known as a man whose work could be relied upon, so that his business grew very quickly.—'Friendly Greetings.'

Youth's Friendships.

Youth is the time of friendships. It never sits solitary. When the battle of life is on we do not get close to the hearts of other people except in the charmed circle of home. But in earlier life we seek our enjoyment in social communion. We do not bottle up our capacity for friendships, but take out the cork and let the fragrance spread abroad. We live with chums. We find in our companions our delight and inspiration. The touch of their hand brightens the day and speeds the hour along.

Nothing is more important at this time of life than the choice of associates. St. Hildegarde said to her friend: 'I put myself into your soul.' That is what all of those with whom we are closely intimate are doing. They put themselves into our souls, and so they lift us up or draw us down to their level. It is easy for a youth to be drawn away from his high ideals and purposes by an unworthy friend. Unconsciously and gradually the life is coarsened. Things which once seemed wrong now seem matters of indifference, and after a little become enticing. The more intense the intimacy, the more constant the friendship, the easier the transformation.

But if an unworthy friend may degrade, a worthy one may ennoble. George MacDonald says: 'To know one person who is positively to be trusted will do more for a man's moral nature—yes, for his spiritual nature—than all the sermons he ever heard.' We should then make some friends who are wiser and more stronger than ourselves. Their virtues will enter our lives, and prove a source of help far greater than the counsel we may listen to or gather from our elders. By their purity our grossness will be purged.

But while we should make the good our chums, we should not withdraw ourselves from those who are weaker. There is always the duty to give. Life is not all receiving. It is also imparting. Christ made the weak strong by the virtue which went out of him. 'Energy of mind and heart,' says some one, 'is developed by giving out.' The widow's oil increased as it was poured out, and the barley bread as it was broken. 'To be good, one must give out goodness. The spring that has not on some side a lower level will stagnate with all its fulness.'

As in our friendships we should get the best, so in them we should give our best. Do not drop below your highest level when you are with your chum. Do not keep back your best thoughts, your truest beliefs, your highest purposes, your loftiest aspirations. Pour them into his soul, that he may leave you the stronger and the better for the fellowship. There is too much drawing from the bottom of the cask, where the dregs are. Many young people seem afraid to exhibit their best. They utter frivolous thoughts, they assume light

attitudes, they pretend moral indifference when their best self protests against it all.

Your friend deserves, because he is your friend, the best you have to give. Only thus can you be to him a help and inspiration.—'Epworth Herald.'

Second Sight.

(The Rev. James Learmont, in the 'Examiner' English.)

'And Elisha prayed and said, Lord, open his eyes that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw, and behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.'—II. Kings vi., 17.

There is a little weed that grows in English fields, having a pretty flower; we call it commonly 'eye-bright.' At one time it was believed by most people that if you rubbed the juice of this plant upon the eyes, you became able to see fairies and the wonders of the other world. Milton made use of this idea in describing the purging of Adam's eyes from sin, that he might behold the 'nobler sights' of future days.

What is just imagination and fable about the euphrasy or 'eye-bright,' is true of the Word of God. It opens to us all we need to know about this world and the world unseen. From the first page to the last we read of the angels, their immense number, and their wonderful works. They are revealed to us as the helpers of God. This ought to give us confidence, and the young folks ought specially to be delighted to know about the angels. There is a special word for you. You have your own angels who watch over you and try to help and guide you day by day. Christ said: 'Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.' I sometimes wonder whether the little children are not these angels themselves, for 'heaven lies about us in our infancy.' What a sweet thought that is for you, boys and girls, and what a fine thing if you would always remain as the angels beholding God's face! You could do that if you made up your minds to love God and never give way to sin.

You remember that we are taught to pray, 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.' So that you see it is possible to live the angel life, or Christ would not have taught us to say that prayer.

I often think of many of the men and women I know as dead angels. They once looked into the face of God, so pure were they, as little children, but they forgot to do God's will, went their own way, and so they lost the vision. If you

'. . . want to be an angel
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon your forehead,
A harp within your hand,'

you must keep close to God all your days. It is sin that shuts out God's face and God's smile. But when we keep close to God we always have his smile.

And the beauty of living like that is here: Others see God's smile reflected in you. And when they see it, is is so good, so sweet, and so beautiful, that they cannot help liking it. Let me show you what I mean by living the angel life.

In an elegant first-class carriage on an American train sat a weary, tired, poorly-dressed woman with three children, one a baby in her arms. A look of thankfulness crept over her face as she sat down in one of the luxurious chairs, but it was quickly dispelled as she was rudely told to 'start her boots'—this being the American way of telling her to get out of that. An amused smile was visible on many faces in the car as the frightened group hurried away to one of the third-class carriages. Upon one young boy's face, however, there was a look that shamed the others. 'Auntie,' said the boy to the lady beside him, 'I am going to carry my basket of fruit and the box of sandwiches to the poor woman in the next carriage. You don't mind, do you?'

'Don't be foolish, dear; you may need them yourself, and perhaps the woman is an impostor.'

'No, I'll not need them,' he answered in low but decided tones. 'I had a hearty breakfast and don't need a lunch. The woman looked hungry Auntie, and so tired, too, with three little babies clinging to her. I'll be back in a minute, Auntie. I know mother wouldn't like it if I didn't speak a kind word to poor people like these when I met them.'

The aunt, who was a worldly woman, wiped the tears from her face when the boy was gone, and said, 'He's just like his dear mother.'

A few minutes after, the aunt, passing through the cars, saw the mother and her children looking so happy. Such a dainty feast, such delicate sandwiches, they had, perhaps, never seen before. The fruit basket stood open. The eldest child, with her mouth full, said, 'Was the pretty boy an angel, mother?'

'No,' answered the mother, with a grateful heart, 'but he is doing an angel's work, bless his heart!'

I often wonder, when I read stories like that, how much the angels had to do with the inspiration that led to the beautiful deed, and I sometimes think they have much to do with it, more than we think.

Would you not like to live the angel life, boys and girls?—the life of kindness and of goodwill. Begin to live it now. Take Jesus for your Saviour, God for your Father, and the Holy Spirit for your Guide. These good angels you are always sure of. Turn up the Concordance and read all the passages where the angels are mentioned. Get to know all about the good angels and their work, and you will find that the one thing the good angels do always is—God's will. May you learn to do that also.

'Every little kindness,
Every deed of love,
Every little action
Prompted from above;
E'en a cup of water,
In God's great name given,
Are like angel footprints
Leading up to Heaven.'
'Every little sacrifice
Made for other's weal,
Every wounded brother
That we strive to heal;
E'en a word of kindness
To misfortune given,
Are like angel footprints
Leading up to Heaven.'

The Capture of a Monkey.

Ringtail monkeys, one of the most valuable and expensive of the smaller animals, says a writer on the traffic in wild beasts, are caught in an interesting way. A cocoanut is split in two, and a banana with a piece of wood running through is placed lengthwise through the nut, the two halves of which are drawn together by wires. Then a hole is cut just large enough for the monkey's paw to enter. The monkey spies the tempting nut from his tree. He hops down, looks it over, sees the hole and smells the banana inside. He is fond of bananas. Putting his paw in, he grasps it, but the wood prevents it from coming out. Then the catchers appear and the monkey runs for a tree. But he cannot climb because of the cocoanut on his paw, and he will not let go of that, so he is captured pawing wildly at the tree trunk.—'Frank Leslie's.'

A Dog With a Wooden Leg.

I once knew a little woolly poodle in the Philippines which was a regimental mascot. During a fight near Cavite its left hind leg was shot off, and the little fellow was carried as tenderly to the rear as if he had been a human comrade. The surgeon dressed the stump. The dog was nursed by the surgeon's wife, and eventually recovered.

Being unfit for further campaigning it then became her pet. She had made for it an artificial hind leg, fitting neatly over the stump, with a laced glove top, and having a little rubber pad for a foot. On this the dog soon walked with ease, and by degrees learned to use it as readily as if it were an actual leg, even scratching fleas with it. One day, however, as he was scratching behind his left ear, the wooden leg hung in his hair and pulled off. The poor little fellow's perplexity, when his hind stump kept on swinging and no scratch came, was ludicrous. Finally, he violently shook his head and ears till the wooden leg flew off, then took it in his mouth and hobbled on three legs to his mistress to have it put on again.—'Canadian Churchman.'

No Longer Living.

Dr. W. E. Barton, while on a trip to the Orient, told this amusing story of the search for the house of Columbus in Madeira by a party of American tourists:

Americans arriving in Madeira are interested in finding the house where Christopher Columbus lived. The house is no longer standing, but the site is marked. It is seldom inquired for, however, and thereby hangs a tale.

A party of ladies undertook to find the home of Columbus, and their guide assured them that he could take them to the place. He soon showed such ignorance, however, that they discarded him and took another guide, who vowed by all the saints held in reverence in Madeira that he knew the way. Up one narrow street and down another he led them, gathering other natives as he went, shouting for information here and there in Portuguese, and handing it down to his followers in broken English. He stopped at several corners and changed his plan as others gave him information, and each native told him the way; so the crowd grew. At last he stopped with an impressive gesture and, commanding all to wait, disappeared into an ancient-looking house. He was gone a long time, and they wondered what had happened, and began to think of finding their way back without him. But at last he appeared, disappointed and visibly sad. He had sorrowful news to break, and he prepared to do it gently. They had hard work to get him to impart his information. But at last, gathering himself together and striking a tragic attitude, he exclaimed:

'Christopher Colombo no live here. He dead.'—'Classmate.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is April, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

A Canadian Flag Over Every Schoolhouse in Canada

Not flag worship, but strong, steadfast love for our Canadian Flag, and good, honest pride in it and what it represents, is what those who have the country's welfare at heart would like to see in every school in our fair Dominion. A flood of alien peoples will pour into our country with the springtide. Already, indeed, we have many thousands to whom Canada has been a city of refuge. It may well seem so, for here they are free to work, free to think, free to worship. But they are still, for a time, lost people, having lost their homeland, which, however barren, however governed, was still the land of their fathers; and there is a sore place in their hearts which only disappears as they and their children learn to love and understand the land and laws we give them.

To children and to men of childlike mind an object lesson is easier to grasp than an abstraction.

To the teacher who is trying to give to our own Canadian-born children an understanding love of their country, the flag is a very real help, and, with the emblems of this wonderful Dominion joined to those which represent Britain's glorious past and present, an object-lesson may be given which will make a lasting impression on the child's mind.

To the British-born, the Canadian flag links together the homeland with its beloved memories and the new fair land with its bright prospects.

To those who have left states well governed, but where a crowded population makes land dear and competition exacting, the Canadian flag speaks of equal freedom and good government, and also of cheap lands and the enormous wealth of undeveloped resources.

To those who come from countries where corrupt governments have made them despair of ever holding themselves erect as men, the Canadian flag tells its tale of British freedom, hardly but surely won in long years of struggle, and of a new land where nothing is impossible to any who 'will to be and to do.'

Now, with a flag so full of meaning, so capable of stirring fine emotions, is it right that our children should grow up in ignorance of it? Ask any class of children to draw the Canadian ensign for you, and see how many can show you what it is like. Ask the same class to draw a United States flag, and you will find that they will do it fairly well, though possibly puzzled a little as to the number of stars.

That there is a real desire on the part of many patriotic teachers for an opportunity to encourage a knowledge of the flag and love and pride in its traditions is proved by the many requests which have come to the publishers of the Montreal 'Witness' for some scheme by which either teachers or pupils might earn a flag. 'It is almost impossible,' they say, 'to spare money from the school funds for such a purpose, for with every year there come new demands on the treasury for improvements in the school building or equipment. Will you not give flags as prizes for essays on Canadian history or for a story or something of that sort, so that we may have a chance at least to compete for a prize which would give us a good flag—not a little cotton thing, but a really good large ensign?'

After long consideration, and much consultation with those interested, the publishers of the 'Witness' decided that, rather than offer a few flags which could only be awarded one or two schools at best, they would arrange to place a flag within the reach of every school, small or large, throughout the country.

The publishers of the 'Witness' have always had a desire to see the national flag in the schools, and, as the present year marks their Diamond Jubilee, this flag offer is one of the ways they have chosen of celebrating it.

They have arranged with one of the largest firms in Great Britain to import a supply of fine Canadian ensigns of a quality which they can guarantee, in different sizes, from two yards long and upwards. By so importing the flags direct from the manufacturer in large quantities they are able to offer them as premiums at rates which make every school gaining one a foregone conclusion.

Each school can have a flag, big or little, the smallest two yards long, according as it is able to gather and send to the publishers, eighteen dollars, twelve dollars, nine dollars, or six dollars, as subscriptions to the publications named in the advertisement at the rates announced.

THE 'WITNESS' DIAMOND JUBILEE FLAG OFFER.

	Per Year.	
DAILY WITNESS	$3.00	Latest News, Market and Stock Reports, Literary Review, Good Stories, Home Dept., Boys' Page, Queries on all Subjects, etc., etc. A clean business and home newspaper.
WEEKLY WITNESS	$1.00	Weekly edition of above, news condensed, more space given to farming interests.
WORLD WIDE	$1.50	A weekly reprint of all the best things in British and American papers. An up-to-date eclectic.
NORTHERN MESSENGER	.40	The best value of its kind in the market. An illustrated weekly. Sunday reading for the home.

NAVAL FLAGS, sewn bunting, standard quality and pattern, to be given as SPECIAL PREMIUMS for bona-fide NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS at regular rates. Only by specially importing them can we offer them on the following liberal terms:

For	$18.00	in subscriptions, at above rates, we give		4-yard Flag,			retail value,	$10.00	to	$13.00.
"	12.00	"	"	"	3	"	"	7.00	"	9.00.
"	9.00	"	"	"	2½	"	"	5.00	"	5.50.
"	6.00	"	"	"	2	"	"	3.75	"	4.50.

This offer is no money making scheme for us. What we want is to stimulate patriotic sentiment. We want our boys and girls to grow up loyal to our country and its flag.

Special terms quoted for larger flags on application.

If your school does not need another flag, we will give instead patriotic books for your library. Write for particulars.

This offer is made specially for Schools, public or private, but Clubs, Societies or Communities are free to take advantage of it. Assist us by making this widely known. Good until next Dominion Day, July 1, 1905.

FOR SAMPLES, ETC., ADDRESS "FLAG DEPARTMENT," JOHN DOUGALL & SON, MONTREAL.

N.B.—Since our last issue we have added the 4 yd. flag to our stock sizes. See offer above.

FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENTS. This offer should interest you. A flag is continually wanted for interior decorations. A committee of energetic pupils could secure one in a very short time. Broadminded patriotism has a place in the Sunday-school as well as in the Day School. Take this chance of drawing your school's attention to our offer and of getting them to work.

DO IT NOW AND BE READY FOR EMPIRE DAY.

LITTLE FOLKS

Why Johnnie Wept.

Johnnie and Jennie were having a tea party.

'You can pour out the tea, Jennie,' said Johnnie, graciously.

'We-el,' repeated Jennie doubtfully.

So Jennie poured out the tea, and Johnnie cut the cake.

Mother had given them a large piece, which Johnnie cut into five smaller pieces all of about the same size. He helped Jennie to one piece, and then began to eat another himself. Jennie poured out the tea, and the feast went merrily on. Presently there arose a discussion, and then came a prolonged wail from Johnnie.

'What is the matter?' asked mother.

'Jennie's greedy and selfish, too!' cried Johnnie. 'We each had two pieces of cake, and there was only one left, and Jennie took—she took it all.'

Mother looked perplexed. 'That does seem rather selfish of Jennie.'

'Yes, it was,' Johnnie wept; 'cause I cut the cake that way, so's I could have the extra piece myself.'—'Selected.'

Five Kinds Of Pennies.

A boy who had a pocketful of pennies dropped one into a missionary-box, laughing as he did so. He had no thought in his heart about the heathen or the Saviour Jesus. Was his penny not as light as tin?

Another boy put in a penny, saying to himself: 'I suppose I must, because the others do.' That was an iron penny. It was the gift of a cold, selfish heart.

A third boy gave a penny, and looked around to see if anybody was praising him. His was the brass penny; not the gift of a lowly heart, but of a proud spirit.

As a fourth boy dropped his penny into the box, his heart said: 'Poor heathen! I am sorry they are so poor, so ignorant, and so miserable.' This was a silver penny, the gift of a heart full of pity.

But there was one boy, who gave his penny, saying: 'For Thy sake, Lord Jesus, Oh, let the heathen hear of Thee, the Saviour of all!' That was a golden penny, because it was the gift of faith and love.—'Juvenile Missionary Herald.'

Stories of Our Pets.

A Strange Foster Mother.

Some weeks ago Mrs. S——, who looks after the poultry here, was feeding them in a field near the farmyard, and a number of fowls were hurrying over a gate towards her—in the middle of them was a grey cat, which seemed to be on the best of terms with both young and old. Mrs. S—— told us that she had been brought up with the chickens, and was perfectly safe with them.

Two or three days later this cat produced three kittens on the straw in the cowshed, close to the manger, under which, within a couple of feet of her, a two-year-old Dorking hen, which had laid but one egg in her life, had made a sort of nest, and apparently had persuaded herself that she would astonish the world with the brood she expected. A little later the kittens had disappeared, but were found directly afterwards under the hen's feathers, where they made themselves quite at home.

Their eyes are now open, and they crawl about over their protectress, or over their mother, who goes away, after the manner of her kind, on foraging expeditions, returning at short intervals and cuddling up in the most confiding way against the hen, who occasionally pecks at her, more as if she meant to scold her than with the idea of keeping her off. The mother is not jealous of our attentions to the kittens, but is quite ready to rush at an enemy in the shape of a dog, while the hen clucks at any one who takes up one of her charges, but does not seem uneasy about it, and tucks the little things comfortably in again when they are returned to her.

The puzzle is how did the kittens get over the foot or two of distance between the place where they made their first appearance and that selected by the hen for her nest? If the mother cat did not carry them to the hen—who did? Certainly no human being did. Can it be that she saw that when the rightful owner of the bed—the cow—came in there was danger of her family being converted into pancakes?—Selected.

'Forgive, and Ye Shall Be Forgiven.'

(Miss D. V. Farley, in 'Children's Visitor.')

Eva was to have a birthday party, and mamma had promised a great big cake for the happy occasion.

'And please, dear mamma,' said Eva, 'put six beautiful little candles right on top of the big cake, so that they may know how old I am.'

Mamma smiled, and promised the 'six beautiful little candles.'

Eva's next thought was to send the invitations. 'You're nine years old, Tommy, and I think you write just lovely, so won't you address the invitations for me?'

Thus complimented, Tommy said: 'Yes, indeed, sister.'

After quite a number of the dainty invitations had been addressed, Eva said: 'Now I want you to write Nellie Elliott on this next envelope.'

'What?' exclaimed Tommy. 'You surely are not going to invite Nellie Elliott to your party, are you?'

'Of course,' answered Eva. 'Why shouldn't I invite her?'

'Don't you remember she had a whole lot of candy at the kindergarten one day, and gave all the little girls a piece except you?'

'That was a long time ago, Tommy, as much as a whole month, and I had clear forgotten all about it.'

'Well, I think this is just the time to remember about it, and I would not invite her,' declared Tommy.

Eva looked thoughtful, and then, in a soft voice, said: 'Brother Tommy, I belong to the Golden Rule Band, and I just must keep on forgetting that Nellie was ever unkind to me. Anyway, I'm most sure she has been really, truly sorry about it, and she has been good to me lots and lots of times. So write Nellie Elliott on this next little envelope, Tommy.'

Puss and Her Babies in The Lions' Cage.

Lions? Yes, 'really and truly' lions, three of them, and they lived in a big, strong iron cage. They had learned to do many wonderful tricks, and their trainer could come in and stand in their cage without being hurt, while thousands of people in New York loved to watch the lions performing.

Yet here they are growling and scowling as crossly as if they were in the forests of Africa, at least, the two Mrs. Lions are. And what is it all about? Just because a poor, forlorn pussy cat had come into their cage.

She was an unhappy, starved looking pussy, perhaps chased by naughty boys in the street till she hardly knew where she was going, and then, when she found herself really inside the cage of these monsters, you may be sure she was so frightened she hardly knew how to turn and go out.

But big Prince wasn't going to let the lionesses hurt their little visitor, and every time they crouched ready to spring at her he held up his big paw and in some kind of lion-talk, let them know he wouldn't have her touched.

At last, Pussy lost her fear, or anyway, she trusted Prince to protect her, so she settled down for the night. In the morning what do you think there was, nestling close beside her? Why, four little kittens! Pussy fondled them, as if she thought they were the dearest, sweetest babies in the whole world. But the lionesses were getting crosser and crosser, so though Prince still kept them from hurting Pussy or her new treasures, the little mother thought she had better take them to some safer place.

So she took one of them by the neck, walked over to the side of the cage, and dropped it through the bars, down to the ground outside. Then another, and another and another, till her four precious little darlings were in safety.

Pussy herself could not leave yet. She had something else to do first. And walking over to the kind Prince, who lay like a protecting giant between her and the savage lionesses, she arched up her back and rubbed herself along right under his big chin, purring as she did so. That was Pussy's 'Thank you.'—A. W. R.

[For the 'Messenger' by one of our Younger Readers.

The Wakeful Princess.

(By K. C. Evans.)

Once upon a time, there lived a princess, the most beautiful creature in the world. Everybody who saw her, could not help looking at her. Now although this princess got everything she wished for, and was so beautiful, she was far from being happy, for she could never sleep. The King, her father, did all that he could. He consulted physicians, and all the learned men of the world, but it was of no use. At last he offered his daughter in marriage and half of his kingdom to anyone who could make her sleep. But he who tried and failed would have his head cut off. Many a nice young man lost his head in the attempt. Now at the same time there lived a young man called 'Little Carl.' Carl had lots of brothers who were big and strong, but as he was weak and delicate, he was thought of no use, and so got the name of Little Carl. Carl possessed a flute that when he played it, it could quiet the wildest thing. When Carl heard of the Princess, he thought perhaps his flute would have the power to put her to sleep. So he set off for the Castle.

(Continued.)

LESSON IV.—APRIL 23.

The Entry of Jesus Into Jerusalem.

John xii., 12-26.

Golden Text.

Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord. Matt. xxi., 9.

Commit verses 12, 13.

Home Readings.

Monday, April 17.—John xii., 12-26.
Tuesday, April 18.—John xii., 42-50.
Wednesday, April 19.—Matt. xxi., 1-11.
Thursday, April 20.—Mark xi., 1-11.
Friday, April 21.—Luke xix., 28-40.
Saturday, April 22.—Ps. cxviii., 19-29.
Sunday, April 23.—Zech. ix., 9-17.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

Jesus left the white-embowered villas on the east slope of Olivet, on the morning of a day corresponding to our Sunday. He joined himself, in a conspicuous manner, to the pilgrim caravan on its way to the festivities of the Passover week. He was enthusiastically welcomed. These Galilean travellers had a local pride in the wonder-working Prophet of Nazareth. They felt it an honor to be his escort to Jerusalem. They took their way over the southern shoulder of the fig-and-olive-crowned mount.

Jesus commissioned two of the apostles to hasten on, and bring the beast on which he should ride. It would not be necessary for them to catch it in the field. They would find it tethered by the roadside, as if put there for his service. Mention of his name and need would be all that was necessary to obtain the loan of it. This comparatively insignificant incident, the demand for the beast, hastily reported from mouth to mouth along the crowded thoroughfare, would serve notice of Jesus' approach. Up from a thousand pilgrims' booths, on the slopes of Olivet, the public garden of Jerusalem, and the camping-place of those whom the city could not hold, came an eager throng; out from the city gate came pouring another ever-augmenting multitude of those who were only waiting the signal of Jesus' approach.

He was mounted now, and so in plain view of the largest possible number. He rode a beast considered appropriate for a sacred function—one never ridden before. As only an ox that had never worn the yoke was esteemed fit for the altar, so this foal that had never been saddled was meet for the Master's use.

Such a transport of admiring loyalty seized that mighty throng as made all former ebullitions seem faint in comparison. The palm-trees were stripped to provide the emblems of victory. Ten thousand cloaks were proffered to carpet the highway with. A litter—a mattress—of twigs and green grass was formed, so that the King's beast might tread softly beneath him.

And now the multitude, with that skill at improvisation which is characteristic of the East, bursts forth in a noble psalm of welcome, the rear guard responding antiphonally to the advance.

From an angle in the road a glimpse of Zion is obtained—her palaces fair, her battlements strong. The sight is signal for a salvo of joy and praise. David's city is called upon to welcome David's Son. But this first view is only a foregleam of the splendor that awaits the unobstructed vision from the crest, as under the very feet of the pilgrims the whole glorious scene is unrolled. The great white heart of it is the temple, with its ample courts rising in terraces; its snowy colonnades; its sanctuary, a mound of snow and fire.

At this goodly sight such a shout is raised as penetrates to even the star-chamber of the sanhedrin and keys to its highest pitch the murderous jealousy of the rulers of Israel as they say to each other, bitterly: 'Perceive ye how ye prevail nothing? Behold the world is gone after him.'

How different Jesus' emotion! The crowd looked, and shouted joyfully. Jesus looked, and wept aloud. His human and patriotic heart is deeply stirred as, with prophet's eye, he sees the awful fate impending over that city which, spite of her loveliness, knows not the things that belong to her peace.

Some forward Pharisee, with ominous glance at the Tower Antonia, exhorts Jesus to suppress this demonstration. But Jesus puts the seal of his approval upon this festal spectacle in the declaration that the very rocks would find tongues to welcome him, if the people did not.

So the Messenger of Malachi came suddenly to the temple. But a venal hierarchy could not abide the day of his coming. He calmly looked about as the Divine proprietor of all. But his presence was like the refiner's fire and fuller's soap to the dross and filth of the ecclesiastical establishment.

It was night, and Jesus returned to Bethany.

LIGHTS ON THE LESSON.

The triumphal entry was not a mere passing incident—an accident of Jesus' approach. It was a very large event.

Jesus deliberately planned his entry—designed to make it as effective as possible. He was not captured by the multitude; he captured it, and used it for his purpose. The orderly precision of all his movements indictes this. 'The royal entry was an integral part of the history of Christ which would not be complete nor thoroughly consistent without it.'

He openly came unto his own. The issue was pressed. They must accept or reject. The test was not made in any dark corner, either. Nothing could have been more conspicuous.

A triumphal entry, true! But how many points of contrast it presents to all other 'triumphs' with which the world is familiar! The meekness of the Victor; the lowliness of his equipage; the absence of captives and spoils—a triumph accorded, not by the chief of Church or State, but by the common people! Yet, in comparison to it, even Pompey's famed triumph pales. No similar spectacle was ever fraught with such significance for the race.

Riding upon an ass is interpreted by some as a token of humility. It must be remembered, however, that the ass is not considered contemptible in the East. It is 'statelier, livelier, swifter than with us.' The white ass was the favorite animal of prophets and kings.

Longfellow, in 'Divine Tragedy,' with poet's license, describes the Syrophenician woman and her daughter on a house-top in Jerusalem, and witnessing Jesus' triumphal procession:

Daughter. O that I could see him!
Mother. Perhaps thou will

. . . . . .

Daughter. All has passed by me like a dream of wonder.
But I have seen him, and have heard his voice,
And I am satisfied. I ask no more.'

NOTES FROM THE COMMENTARIES.

Much people: Not only the great mass of the inhabitants of Palestine, but many foreign Jews thronged from every quarter—from Babylon, Arabia, Egypt; from Asia Minor, Greece, and Italy; probably even from Gaul and Spain.—Milman. Jesus was coming: The story of Christ's riding in triumph to Jerusalem is recorded by all the evangelists as worthy of special remark. Took branches: The leaves of the date palm, often ten feet long, which to this day are a regular feature in all decorations of the country.—Hall. The palms: The article indicating particular palm-trees, which every one knew as growing on the road from Bethany to Jerusalem.—Dods. They had not the keys of the city to present to him, nor the sword, nor mace to carry before him; none of the city music to compliment him with, but such as they had they gave him.—Henry. And cried: The cry of the multitude was, of course, not always the same, and the different evangelists give us different forms of it.—Camb. Bib. Hosanna: A rendering into Greek letters of the Hebrew words, 'Save, we pray!' (Ps. cxviii., 25); not save us, but save the King. It is used as an expression of praise, like 'Hallelujah,' or 'Hail.' It was a kind of holy hurrah. Had the event occurred in Rome, the shout would probably have been 'Io triumphe!' Had it occurred in modern France, the people would have called out 'Vive!' ('Vive le roi!')—Peloubet. Sitting on: A Messianic sign, excluding all doubt.—Meyer. An ass's colt: The rich man's ass is a lordly beast. In size he is far ahead of anything of this kind we see here at home. His coat is as smooth and glossy as a horse's. His livery is shiny black, satiny white, or sleep mouse-color.—Zinck.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, April 23.—Topic—'The power of his resurrection.' Rom. vi., 3-13; Phil. iii., 10. (Easter meeting.)

Junior C. E. Topic.

HOLY DAYS AND HOLIDAYS.

Monday, April 17.—Feasts of the Lord. Lev. xxiii., 1-4.

Tuesday, April 18.—The Sabbath of rest. Ex. xxxi., 15.

Wednesday, April 19.—The Passover. Ex. xii., 1-14.

Thursday, April 20.—The day of atonement. Lev. xxiii., 26-28.

Friday, April 21.—The feast of tabernacles. Lev. xxiii., 33-44.

Saturday, April 22.—The day of Pentecost. Acts ii., 1-8.

Sunday, April 22.—Topic—Holy days and holidays. Lev. xxiii., 1-6, 39-44; John vii., 8-14. (Easter meeting.)

Class and Teacher.

'I should think that class of big girls would be very grateful to you,' remarked an old lady to Miss L—— our Bible class teacher. 'The things you think of to do for them didn't use to be heard of when I went to the Sunday-school.'

'Would you like to know what they have done for me?' quietly asked the Bible class teacher. 'I had not had a class for years; I had been kept at home by mother's long illness, and the Sunday Mr. Leek asked me to take that class was the first time I had been in Sunday-school for eight years and a half. After my years of sick-room seclusion I did not feel like going into society, but here was society opened to me, the kind I love best—fifteen bright girls to influence, fifteen bright girls to grow with. Had he offered me a position as book-keeper in his store with a salary of six hundred dollars it would not have given me the thrill that sitting down before those girls did. Girls, and study, and the Bible! The three things I love best in this world, and expect to love best in the next world where girls study and love God's will and do it with purified hearts and quickened brains. And now every Sunday, we, the growing girls and the grown-up girl, would help each other for that perfect time. And it was not only Sunday but all the week! My Teacher's Bible became a new book to me; every help that could help me became a live thing to me; even in the daily newspapers I found illustrations of the truth we were studying, and I just shouted when in an old magazine, up garret, I found the very story I wanted to teach them, a truth that I could not quite get hold of. I had felt lonely; now I had fifteen new friends, fifteen fresh lives to bring their freshness into mine. Not a week passed that several of them did not call upon me, not a week passed that I did not find an errand into one of their homes, and when one of them went away for a week or two there was a letter or two.

'In six months we had our own little private missionary society, meeting every Thursday afternoon in my small parlor, and in another six months we had our own little Chautauqua circle meeting also weekly in my rather small parlor. I am another woman since I took that class four years ago, and when I helped Jennie make her wedding dress, and to knit socks for Margaret's wee girl baby, how I felt that I had something new in my life and so much more to live for! Mr. Leek gave me fifteen new friends that day, fifteen life-long friends if I will keep them so, and who knows but they may be fifteen eternity life-long friends?'—'Westminster Teacher.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

Temperance

'Who Bids for the Children.'

'Who bids for the children?
Body, and soul, and brain?
Who bids for the little children—
Young, and without a stain?
'Will no one bid?' said the children,
'For our souls, so pure and white,
And fit all for good and evil,
The world on their page may write?'

'We bid,' said Pest and Famine,
'We b'd for life and limb;
Fever, and pain, and squalor
Their bright young eyes shall dim;
When the children grow too many,
We'll nurse them as our own,
And hide them in secret places,
Where none may hear their moan.'

'And I'll bid higher and higher,'
Said Crime, with a wolfish grin,
'For I love to lead the children
Through the pleasant paths of sin.
They shall swarm in the streets to pilfer,
They shall plague the broad highway,
Till they grow too old for pity,
Just ripe for the law to slay.'

Give me the little children,
Ye rich, ye good, ye wise,
And let the busy world spin round
While you shut your idle eyes;
And your judges shall have work
And your lawyers wag the tongue,
And the jailers and policemen,
Shall be fathers to the young.'

'Oh, shame!' said true Religion,
'Oh, shame that this should be!
I'll take the little children—
Oh, give them all to me!
I'll raise them up in kindness
From the mire in which they've trod—
I'll teach them words of blessing
And lead them up to God.'
—Charles MacKay.

Fatal First Cigar.

The first cigar proved fatal in the case of William Black, a ten-year-old boy, upon whom an inquest was held some time ago in Philadelphia. The father said that the boy came home late on Sunday afternoon complaining of a severe pain in his stomach, and two physicians from the Children's Hospital, who were summoned, found him in convulsions. An emetic resulted in bringing up the stump of a cigar. The boy recovered consciousness shortly before he died, and said he had tried to smoke his first cigar. Avoidance of the 'first glass,' the 'first smoke,' or the first indulgence in any wrong or questionable habit, would save many a person from fatal results in body and soul.

The Pity of It.

A city missionary visiting a slum to carry some help to a needy family made his way carefully up the dark and broken stairway to the landing, then, after groping about for a time in the gloom, he felt the outline of a doorway and knocked. After some delay a child's voice asked who is there? Mr. Blank was the reply, then the door opened and disclosed a dirty room almost bare of furniture; the sole inhabitants being two half naked children, one a hard-faced girl of seven prematurely old, the other a little toddler little more than two or three.

'Where is mother?' said the visitor. 'She is out,' said the older child sharply. 'She's dere,' lisped the little one pointing with his finger to a ragged old curtain which partly concealed the recess made by the old fashioned dormer window.

At the words a slatternly half-dressed woman with the peculiar pasty look of the gin drinker came sullenly forward, casting as she did so a look of vengeance at the child, the cause of her discovery.

She took the order for bread and grocery from the missionary's hand with hardly a word of thanks, and listened sullenly to the few words of friendly counsel and cheer he uttered. As he turned to go he ventured to plead for the little round-eyed baby. 'He is so very small, you see, and he did not understand that you did not wish to be disturbed, it would be a pity so young as he is to suffer for telling the truth.'

The hard face showed no sign of relenting, and the missionary with a heavy heart groped his way down the stairs. Before he reached the next landing he heard the blows and the pathetic cry of the baby voice, 'Oh, mammy, mammy, don't, don't; I won't tell any more!' Only think, a little tender child cruelly beaten to teach it to lie. And this is how drink destroys the mother-love and sears the conscience of its victim!—'Australian Christian World.'

Daniel Bond's Problem.

(Thomas French, in 'Temperance Record.')

Daniel Bond never professed to be much of a speaker, nevertheless there were few more welcome on the Temperance platform or in the home circle. He was at home everywhere, although more comfortable when speaking to working men or visiting plain people, but he could not always choose. On one occasion he was asked to attend a Temperance meeting at the Tabernacle Schools in the town of Dereham. He was there at the appointed time, and before going on the platform the secretary whispered to him:

'I fear, Mr. Bond, our meeting to-night will not be quite so smooth as usual.'

'Why do you think so?' our friend asked.

'Just now I saw Mr. Baxter, of Hexton Grange, drive up. He is one of our officers, a wealthy farmer, and not at all a pleasant man to deal with, he is, moreover strongly prejudiced against the Temperance movement, and is not unlikely to have something to say at the meeting.'

The speakers then went on to the platform. There was a good audience, made up chiefly of those who usually worshipped in the Tabernacle. Mr. Baxter, a portly, important looking personage, wearing a gloomy, dissatisfied look that evidently indicated an aspect of adverse criticism, occupied one of the front seats usually reserved for the great men of the church.

Daniel Bond felt a little nervous at the appearance of the formidable gentleman in question, but quietly lifting his thoughts 'to the hills from whence cometh help,' he pulled himself together and made ready for all emergencies. After the meeting had opened, and a few introductory remarks from the chairman, Daniel was called upon to give an address. He spoke very simply, confining himself almost entirely to his experience as a working blacksmith, attempting no elaborate argument, but showing the many advantages he had derived from years of total abstinence from strong drink, winding up by exhorting his hearers for their own sakes and for the sake of others to give up all connection with the drink and sign the pledge.

He had scarcely sat down when Mr. Baxter rose to his feet and asked permission to say a word or two.

'I may say that when I gave this new platform and table to the Sunday-school I didn't give it for the purpose of being used at teetotal meetings. But we'll let that pass, I'm not inclined to dispute what the speaker says about himself. No doubt teetotalism has been a good thing for him. It has kept him from getting drunk, beating his wife, abusing his children, wasting his wages in a pub., being reduced to live upon a crust or a cold potato, or being obliged to spend a season now and again in his Majesty's prisons. Teetotalism has helped him to become a master blacksmith, helped him to make money, enabled him to give unto others, helped him in his work as a local preacher, and saved him from many temptations. Now there is not a single good thing which he says teetotalism has done for him that moderation has not done for me. He is a sober man; so am I, and yet I have taken my beer or wine all my life, and where is the man who has ever seen me drunk? He is not a wife-beater, well, neither am I. He has never been to prison, neither have I. He has made money; so have I. He gives to a good cause; so do I—except teetotal. There is not a single good which he says teetotalism has brought to him that, I say, moderation has not brought to me, and which it will not bring to you if strictly observed. Of course, if there are any here who cannot control themselves, who get drunk, kick up rows at home, and otherwise act like fools, let them sign the pledge by all means; but why should I and you place ourselves in such bondage without obtaining the slightest advantage? Let the speaker answer that question.'

(To be continued.)

Pictorial Testament Premium

A very handsome Pictorial New Testament, just published, with chromographs and engravings from special drawings made in Bible lands by special artists, J. C. Clark and the late H. A. Harper. The book is neatly bound in leather, round corners, gilt edge, well printed on fine thin paper, making a handsome book. The colored plates contained in this edition are particularly fine.

Any subscriber to the 'Messenger' can secure this book by sending four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each, or six renewal subscriptions at forty cents each.

Boys and Girls,

Show your teacher, your superintendent or your pastor, the following 'World Wide' list of contents.

Ask him if he thinks your parents would enjoy such a paper.

If he says yes then ask your father or mother if they would like to fill up the blank Coupon at the bottom of this column, and we will send 'World Wide' on trial, free of charge, for one month.

COUPON.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers 'World Wide,
Montreal.

Dear Sirs,
Please send 'World Wide' on trial, free of charge for one month, to

Name_____

Address _____

_____

'World Wide' has been recommended to me by

Rev., Dr., Mr., Mrs. or Miss

_____

_____

who knows 'World Wide' by reputation or is a subscriber.

The following are the contents of the issue of April 1, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Nelson's Year and National Duty—By the Right Hon. J. Chamberlain, M.P., in the 'Outlook,' London.
'Sacrifice' or 'Interest'—Value of the Canadian Preference—By L. G. Chiozza Money, in the 'Daily News,' London.
The Reaction to Democracy—The 'Speaker,' London.
One of the Best Governed Towns in the World—The Chicago 'Journal.'
A Viceregal Indiscretion—Ending in General Laughter—The Westminster 'Gazette.'
American Religion—By A. L. Lilley, in the 'Commonwealth,' London.
The Ministers' Protest—The Boston 'Herald.'
H. Rider Haggard Talks About His Mission—The 'Sun,' New York.
The Lost Handy Man—The 'Nation,' New York.
Alice in Newspaperland—By Frank Elias, in the 'Speaker,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

An Aphrodite by Praxiteles?—'Public Opinion,' New York.
A Plea for the English Song—The Manchester 'Guardian.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

'Spring o' the Year'—Poem, by Susie M. Best, in the 'Independent,' New York.
John Morley's Hymn—Goethe's 'Das Gottliche'—'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
A Lenten Meditation—The 'Outlook,' New York.
Dr. Johnson's 'Prayers and Meditations'—The 'Spectator,' London.
A Liberal Theologian—The 'Westminster Gazette.'
A Further Explanation—By G. K. Chesterton, in the 'Daily News,' London.
Jules Verne—The New York 'Evening Post.'
Jules Verne and His Earnings—The 'Sun,' New York.
Bernardin de Saint-Pierre—The 'Academy and Literature,' London.
Osler's Addresses—A Valedictory Volume—'The Nation,' New York.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Rural Education—The Macdonald Experiment in Canada—Correspondence of the London 'Times.'
Astronomical Progress—The Race Between Egypt and America—The 'Morning Post,' London.
Egypt Yields New Treasures—The 'Times,' London.
Science Notes.

THINGS NEW AND OLD.

PASSING EVENTS.

$1.50 a year to any postal address the world over. Agents wanted. John Dougall & Son, Publishers, Montreal, Canada.

Correspondence

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Boys and Girls,—We have something very important to talk about this week. Some of you will have read, or will be reading, the story of the Labrador fishermen, given on the second page of this paper. The hospitals you read of there often have boys and girls come for treatment, for whom a few weeks or a few months in the mission hospital means new health and strength instead of a life of suffering or an early and painful death.

Would you not like to have a cot there, called the 'Messenger' cot, or some such name, to be supported by the boys and girls who take the 'Messenger?' We are asking the older readers to contribute towards the general work of the mission, but we would like our boys and girls to have a cot of their own there. It will only take $50.00 each year, which could very easily be made up, if each one gave a little. Will you do it? Let us have gifts sent in at once that we may take your answer in that way. All gifts for the cot will be separately acknowledged on this page. Two-cent stamps may be sent for amounts under 50 cents—larger gifts should be in money orders or postal notes, which cost only a few cents.

Now, for the pictures. Winter has nearly gone, and snowmen are becoming very rare; in a few months many of you will almost have forgotten there ever were such things. The maker of the snowman in the picture must have been rather clever in dealing with snow as he has actually given the snow image hair on his head and a beard.

Most of us are looking forward to the summer season now that the best of winter, with its winter sports, is over. Some of you, like this gardener's daughter, will be very busy out-of-doors helping animals or plants to live and enjoy living. In your spare moments you, no doubt, will have your eyes open watching the little chicks on the grass, or the butterflys overhead, finding out the differences between chickens and ducks and between butterflys and moths.

How many of you go to a schoolhouse like this? The look of a building doesn't really make much difference to the amount a pupil may learn. If you are diligent and persevering you can learn more in an hour sitting on a log in the wood than many would learn in a day sitting on a polished seat at school, that is, provided you have the right books.

Here are two engines. How many of you know who invented engines? When and where did he live and what else do you know about him? Behind engines we generally see freight cars and passenger cars. How often some of you have gone to gladly greet someone who not long ago was miles and miles away, but now steps off the car and walks up the sidewalk beside you to your home. But when the time comes for your guest to return you do not seem so fond of puffing engines and long trains of cars.

Here are Admiral and General, fine strong horses. How many of you have seen the picture called 'The Horse Fair,' by Rosa Bonheur? Who can tell us anything about the life of Rosa Bonheur?

Have you ever slept in a tent or helped put one up? Where can the horses and dogs be that usually accompany a hunt? The flag shows that there must be a good breeze, and it is either evening or morning, the sun shows us. Perhaps the hunters are just behind that hill coming back after the long, hot day. Will they find some strawberries and cream that they have paid the gardener's daughter to bring, or must they live on a few provisions they have with them, and some of what they have brought from the hunt that day? What do you think?

Does anyone live in that small tent, or is it merely a place to keep provisions during a garden party? What a nice workshop it would make for the boys or doll-house for the girls when the weather wasn't too hot!

We think the boys and girls of eleven years old and under have done very well in these twelve pictures. But practice makes perfect, and we advise them to draw real things, people or animals, as much as possible. Then, if they look at a first-class picture of the same kind of thing perhaps it will help them see the difference between their pictures and the object they have drawn.

Your loving friend,
THE CORRESPONDENCE EDITOR.

The following boys and girls sent pictures—given in the groups below, but sent no letters: A. A. MacI. (age 11), West Bay, C.B.; Bert J. E. (age 11), Ingersoll, Ont.; Jennie M. (age 11), Guelph, Ont.; Richard R. (age 6), Rideau View, Ont.; Edward I. P. (age 8), Montreal, Que.; Evelyn M. S. (age 11), New Germany, N.S.; John S. F. (age 7), Ettyville, Ont.; John G. R. (age 11), Petit Cote, Montreal, Que.

Bryanston, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Please put this picture, 'The Old Country Schoolhouse,' in your paper.

BETH G. (age 10).

Edy's Mills, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen any letters from here yet, I thought I would write one. Edy's Mills is a small place, consisting of one store, a blacksmith's shop, a post-office, a schoolhouse, a hotel which will be closed in May, for we had local option last New Year, and gained it by a majority of seventy-one. The M.C.R. runs into Edy's Mills. It is just a branch from Petrolea. I am ten years old, and am in the third book at school. I expect to try for the fourth. We take the 'Messenger' in our Sunday-school, of which my father is the superintendent. We are building a new church at Edy's Mills. The material is nearly all on the ground now. I take music lessons in Oil Springs. We live three miles and a half from there. There are some hundreds of petroleum oil wells; one engine will operate a number of oil wells. I forgot to say that Edy's Mills can boast of having the only elevator in the township of Dawn. It is also the only station from which hogs are shipped. When the Methodists get their new brick church finished, it will also be the only one in the township.

IVA S.

Exploits, Nfld.

Dear Editor,—As I haven't renewed my subscription to the 'Messenger,' I am going to renew it now. I enjoy reading the paper very much. If I should leave off taking the 'Messenger' I should be very lonesome, as I am home from school with a bad foot. I hope that I will be able to go next week. I go to week-day school, and I am in number five reader. Our teacher is fine, and I think all of the scholars like him very much. I also go to Sunday-school and to Bible class. We have got a lovely Sunday-school, in which our minister takes a great interest. In the Bible class for next Sunday we have to say the twenty-third Psalm. Exploits is an island, but in winter time the bay can be travelled on when it is frozen over. The way we get our mail in winter is by couriers. They have to travel on the ice when it is firm enough to walk on. I live down in a little place which is called Lower Harbor. The steamer doesn't come in here, but goes up in the Upper Harbor, which is the principal part of Exploits. When the steamer blows her whistle all we have to do is to put on our things and to run after our mail, and by the time we get there the post-office is open. Yesterday was a very stormy day. Some of the writers of the 'Messenger' said they had a great time skating, but we have had hardly any skating. My mother and sister visited St. John's. They did not have a long trip, but it was a very pleasant one.

FLORENCE P. S. (age 14).

Tiverton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am ten years old, and I know a little girl near Montreal who is the same age as I am. I am in the senior third book. I think that the third book is the hardest there is. I live on a farm about three miles from Lake Huron, and in the summer I ride on the loads of grain. We have seven horses, and altogether we have nine cows, but we only milk seven of them. I have had a great deal of fun sleighriding this winter.

BESSIE B.

Fenwick, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm about five and a half miles from the town of Amherst. I think Fenwick is very pretty in summer. We have a fine view of Cumberland Basin. We once held our Sunday-school picnic at Fort Cumberland, which I enjoyed very much. About seven weeks ago I spent a week in Highland View Hospital, as I had to have an operation on my foot, and that was quite an experience for me. For pets I have a dog named Bob, two calves named Snowflake and Valentine, and a colt named Dolly Grey. I have three sisters and one dear little brother named Floyd Lee. He is eleven months old, and just beginning to creep, and my sisters and I delight in helping him get in mischief. I am ten years old, and am in the fifth grade. I am sending you one of my drawings. I would like to see it reproduced.

FRANCIS W. S.

Kirkland, N.B.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger,' and I have drawn a picture of a butterfly. I have taken the 'Messenger' for nearly two years. I have a pet calf, and his name is Buck.

IRVING N. (age 11).

Rockspring Ont.

Dear Editor,—I thank you for the nice Bagster Bible you sent me. It is a splendid one for the little work I have done to get it. It has very large print in it. This is a cold and stormy winter. The snow is about three feet deep on the level. I live on a farm of one hundred acres. I go to school every day. I have not missed any days yet for this term. I live one quarter of a mile from school, the post-office, church and store, and one mile from the cheese factory. We have a sugar-bush containing two hundred and fifty trees. I like to eat maple sugar. For pets I have two dogs, and their names are Uno and Bob. We have one calf. I live in a stone house.

J. BERT P. (age 10).

St. David's, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have a little sister named Julia, and I think she is the nicest sister anybody could have. Santa Claus brought me lots of toys last Christmas, but the one that I liked best was a bear which would speak. It had real fur. When I grow up I am going to be a sea captain. I like the pictures in the Correspondence Page very much. Next time I write I will send you a picture of the ship I am going to be captain of.

WILFRED W.

HOUSEHOLD.

'As He That Serveth.'

Humility—sweet stooping grace,
  Bending to serve, with ne'er a thought
Of earth-trailed robes, or toil-marked face,
  Contented if her task is wrought.

Bending to serve,—aye, even so
  Bent down the Man of Galilee;
Counting no service mean or low,
  Where there was need of ministry.

The pathway to our triumph lies
  Along life's humble, quiet ways;
For they who bend to serve shall rise
  To sing the victor's song of praise.
—'Christian Age.'

How About Your Children ?

(Hilda Richmond, in the 'Telescope.')

A number of Christian parents in a certain town were horrified, some months ago, to discover the existence of a secret agreement—it could hardly be called a club—by which twenty boys each bought a dime or nickel novel every two weeks and then they were passed around among the members. It is not certain that any boy read the whole twenty in two weeks, but they did spend most of their leisure time absorbing the poison found in the pages of the trashy books. The wrath of the parents was vented on the dealer who, as they thought, sold the stuff, but he soon convinced them that the boys were not patrons of his. They had been sending to the city for the 'yellow literature,' for fear of being discovered, and the people, who never dreamed their children did sneaking things, suddenly had their faith shaken.

Are your children safe? Do they enjoy reading pure, wholesome literature? Are they always hunting a secluded spot to read, or can they sit in the family sitting-room and enjoy the best papers and magazines? Many a boy hides his cheap novel in his text-book at school, and neglects his work, secure in the thought that no boy will tell on him; and more than one girl has stored away in her desk little pamphlets and books not fit for girlish eyes. Eternal vigilance is necessary if you hope to keep your sons and daughters undefiled, and it must be the vigilance that is not apparent. Preaching against impure books only advertises them, and the curious young minds will never be satisfied without investigating the forbidden fruit.

The best way to keep out the cheap novel is to teach the children in early youth to love only good reading. The boys and girls who love 'Tom Brown at Rugby,' 'Little Women,' 'Robinson Crusoe,' and books of that type, will hardly become infatuated with blood and thunder tales later in life. I know one boy who has never read a yellow-backed book, though they have been offered to him again and again, simply because they are disgusting to him. Imagine a refined Christian woman or man sitting down to while away the hours with a story in which tragedy, bad English, the baldest kind of plot, and an utter lack of common sense, are hopelessly mixed and served to the open mouthed reader! With just such feelings can young people be taught to look upon the stuff if the right methods are pursued.

Encourage the little folks to read Bible stories, history tales, and the literature provided by the best book dealers as soon as they master simple lessons at school. If you love your church paper, your children will not have to be forced to look at its pages, and if you enjoy the Sunday-school papers, be sure they will too. It is worth everything to a little child to 'talk over' the things it reads and hears with father and mother, and how can that be done unless the parents are interested in the stories, too? It is the old story, 'Train up a child in the way he should go,' over again. It is so easy to say, 'You ought to read your Bible and Sunday-school papers,' and let it go at that, where if father and mother says, casually, 'Did any of you notice that picture in the paper this morning, and the sketch that goes with it?' attention is attracted at once.

If you are not posted in what are the best books for children, get some information at once. In these days all children read, and it is well to keep a little in advance of them. Consult your church publishing house, or a reliable book-dealer, or the school teacher, or the minister, or some one versed in such things, before it is too late. Subscribe to some good juvenile papers whose clean pages can be profitably read by every member of the family, and it will prove a paying investment. Don't put off buying a few really good books till you get rich, for the children will be grown by that time, maybe; and, above all things, know what your boys and girls are doing. Give them ample time for play and healthful exercise, but, no time to steal away in barns and out-of-the-way places to read low, vulgar stories. Ruskin speaks of the mind as a treasure house of thought, but sometimes our treasures are only

'False, fairy gold,
That leaves in the hand
Only moss, leaves and mold.'

Let us help the boys and girls to choose whatsoever things are pure and lovely and of good report, knowing that then the corrupting trash, falsely called literature, will find no lodgment in their minds and hearts. It will take time and patience and prayer, but the reward is sure and great.

The Making of a Man.

'I have labored over that boy for his father's sake. I can't get ideas into him nor good service out of him. He is out nights so much that when he comes to work in the morning he actually falls asleep. He has no ambition, doesn't care, can't be trusted to do even the simplest things, and spends much of his working time watching the clock.'

'Oh, my poor boy,' the mother sobbed.

The father urged. 'Do give him one more trial.'

'No, his discharge is final. And let me add to you, his parents, whom I have known so long and intimately,' added the manufacturer kindly, 'that as long as this boy has a home to be babied in, a mother to dote on him and a father still easier, who won't even make him get up in the morning, his case is hopeless. Is his condition all his own fault? Aren't you somewhat to blame?'

The couple left with guilty feelings, and later sought my advice. A few questions proved how utterly foolish had been the home influence upon the boy, how incompetent his parents; yet they rank as fine people in society and business. I sent for the boy, and after a while got right at him until he confessed that his employer was right, 'but I don't seem to have any power to do better,' he said, almost breaking down.

'Don't be a simpleton, young man. Go and earn a living for yourself. I will send you to a farmer who will treat you well as long as you serve him faithfully, but I pity you if you "sojer" on him. Learn what hard work is—acquire self-reliance, know the value of the time you have been wasting and of the dollars you now squander.'

Then we had some more talk, the boy and I. He went off to the country. That was two years ago. At first his mother wanted to 'visit poor Charley,' and his father pompously said, 'My son ought to have his usual allowance,' but as they had agreed to follow my plan with the boy (since their own had failed), they let him alone.

The boy came back in the fall for the first time. He didn't say much as he firmly grasped my hand and looked me squarely in the eye, but I knew instinctively that this bronzed and strong young man was all right. He had improved his opportunity. He is transformed into a youth of character and determination. He has learned in the stern school of experience the lessons he needed, and without which he would have gone straight to perdition. He has developed an aptitude for mechanics, and has begun at the bottom in a large manufacturing shop.

He will make his mark one of these days. He is getting the 'education' he needs.

How many such parents will read these lines? How many are spoiling their boys all through loving indulgence, inefficiency, laziness or ignorance? The number is surprisingly large. Daughters are similarly spoiled, waited on, babied. 'My children shall have an easier time than I had,' is the heartfelt resolve of many intelligent parents. All wrong—it's heart, not common sense, that leads parents into such errors.

To fit our sons and daughters to leave us!

This is one of the chief duties of parents, and for most of us the hardest to learn.—The 'Canadian Good House-Keeping.'

A Quarrel on Paper.

They were sitting at the tea table, and were on the very verge of that dreadful first quarrel, which the young wife had prayed might never come. The husband had uttered a criticism that she thought unkind and undeserved.

'I can find fault with many things, too,' she flashed out.

'Oh, indeed,' he said coolly; 'and what are they, pray?'

She paused a moment. If she gave utterance to the sharp words trembling on her lips, she knew that the opening wedge of discord would have entered. On the other hand, it was a severe trial to curb her impetuous spirit and receive the husband's rebuke meekly. But her good angel triumphed. After a short silence she said, frankly:

'I'm not so sure that I ought to say what I thought. I believe I'll keep it till to-morrow, and see how it looks by the light of day. Then, if I think it worth while, I'll write it and leave the note on your plate.'

He smiled at her whimsical answer, and the cloud disappeared. After tea she said, 'I have a proposition to make.'

'What is it?' he asked gaily.

'We nearly had a quarrel, and, of course, it must not happen again. Hereafter, if either has any criticism to make on the other, let us wait a day and then, if we still wish to make it, write it out instead of saying it. I believe petty anger would evaporate in the mere act of reducing it to writing, and then some heartaches would be spared.'

He laughed, but in his heart he acknowledged the wisdom of her plan, and so agreed to it. They have been married three years now, and both are still waiting for the first letter of criticism. The quarrel on paper has never begun.

Most of us might use the bride's plan with profit. If we would wait and write the unkind speeches, I wonder how many of them would ever be delivered to wound loving and happy hearts. Of course, some people would quarrel by telegraph, if there were no other way, but doubtless they are very few, and three-fourths of our vexing, undignified and unloving disputes might be avoided if we would wait to quarrel on paper.—'Southwestern Presbyterian.'

Selected Recipes.

Raisin Pudding.—Chop finely six ounces of beef-suet, mix with this three-quarters of a pound of flour, a pinch of salt, the rind of a lemon grated, three-quarters of a pound of stoned raisins, and half a teaspoonful of grated nutmeg. Mix the dry ingredients thoroughly, and add three well-beaten eggs and as much milk as will make a thick batter (this will be about a quarter of a pint). Pour the mixture into a well-buttered mould, and bake in a fairly hot oven for one hour and a quarter. Turn out and cover with castor sugar.

Boiled Red Cabbage.—Cut off the outside leaves of a small red cabbage. Take a chopping board and cut cabbage into thin shavings. This can best be done by first cutting the cabbage in two. Put into enamelled pan. Add about two cupfuls of cold water, one clove, a small onion cut up, and about an ounce of butter or beef dripping. Let this boil for ten minutes. Cover closely, and let simmer for an hour. Then add a teaspoonful of salt. Mix a tablespoonful of flour into another of vinegar, and then add sugar to taste. Add the mixture to the cabbage, and let boil for two or three minutes. Serve with any kind of roast meat.

An Excellent Mutton Pie.—Bone two and a half pounds of neck of mutton and cut the meat into steak as much the same thickness as possible, leaving only a little fat. Cut up two sheep's kidneys and arrange these with the meat as neatly as possible in a pie-dish. Sprinkle over a little minced parsley, and season with pepper and salt. Pour in two teacupfuls of good stock or gravy, cover with a good short crust, and bake for an hour and three quarters in a brisk oven.

YOU ARE TO BE THE JUDGE

NOT ONE CENT WANTED!

COME

LET US REASON TOGETHER

This is a full page advertisement. It costs money to run it, many dollars. We have had many more in the **NORTHERN MESSENGER.** You have seen them, all of you have. What does it prove? All Vitæ-Ore advertisements must be paid for with Vitæ-Ore money, and all Vitæ-Ore money comes from Vitæ-Ore patients, patients that are satisfied, that are benefited, that are cured. All Vitæ-Ore is offered on thirty days' time. No one pays for it unless they are benefited. No one is asked or expected to pay for it until they are benefited. We could not continue this advertising, could not spend thousands of dollars every month, month after month, year after year, could not send out thousands of trial packages every day, if Vitæ-Ore did not satisfy, did not cure, and the people did not pay for it. Let us reason together! What greater argument can we offer, what more can we wish, what additional proof need we show? Our very existence, the stability and growth of our enterprise, depends upon each treatment satisfying each patient paying for it. Think it over! Reason it out for yourself! Doesn't it all show that you must in justice to yourself, your friends, and those about you, in justice to our claims and our remedy, send for a package of Vitæ-Ore on trial as we offer it to you? We take all the risk.

YOUR BODY

is not a CHEMIST'S CALDRON, your stomach is not a TEST TUBE. You cannot afford to have both experimented with by the makers of patent nostrums. IF THE DOCTORS have been using them for this purpose and have not passed the experimental stage, it is time for you and them to quit experimenting. TAKE YOUR STOMACH OUT OF THEIR HANDS.

Vitæ-Ore, Nature's remedy, IS NOT AN EXPERIMENT! It is not being tried out to see if it is good; your body in using it, your stomach in taking it, is not being used for experimental purposes. It is known, established, demonstrated and proven beyond the shadow of all doubt, beyond any possible denying. A quarter of a century of successful existence, hundreds of thousands of cured patients, cured soundly and effectually, permanently and positively, of all manner and kind of diseases, substantiate it. You are not experimenting in using it, not with your body, not with your stomach, not with your money—only a little time to take it, and what is thirty days to all eternity? You don't pay a cent unless it benefits you. You are to be the judge! You do as have done thousands—send for it. USE IT, and then judge it. The evidence will be strong—either for or against. You will know plainly whether you ARE BETTER, are well, or no better. You cannot be worse! It cannot harm you. If better, if benefited, if cured, you pay for it. If neither, you don't pay for it. It is a test, BUT NOT AN EXPERIMENT. The results are too sure, too certain, have been evidenced in too many cases, to make it experimental.

If you have been using other treatment without the results that were promised or that you expected, don't fool away any more time, don't endanger your chance of recovery, don't lose your possibility of future health. Quit experimenting: THROW THE CONTENTS INTO THE SINK; THE BOTTLES INTO THE ASH BOX. Begin with this natural curing and healing ORE, nature's own remedy. IT WILL NOT FAIL YOU. READ OUR SPECIAL OFFER.

READ THIS

SPECIAL OFFER

We will send to every subscriber or reader of the **NORTHERN MESSENGER** or worthy person recommended by a subscriber, a full sized One Dollar package of **VITÆ-ORE** by mail, postpaid, sufficient for one month's treatment, to be paid for within one month's time after receipt, if the receiver can truthfully say that its use has done him or her more good than all the drugs or dopes of quacks, or good doctors or patent medicines he or she has ever used. **Read** this over again carefully, and understand that we ask our pay only **when it has done you good, and not before.** We take all the risk, you have nothing to lose. If it does not benefit you, you pay us nothing. **VITÆ-ORE** is a natural, hard, adamantine, rock-like substance—mineral—**Ore**—mined from the ground like gold and silver and requires about twenty years for oxidization. It contains free iron, free sulphur and magnesium, and one package will equal in medicinal strength and curative value 800 gallons of the most powerful, efficacious mineral water: drank fresh at the springs. It is a geological discovery, to which there is nothing added or taken from. It is the marvel of the century for curing disease, as thousands testify, and as no one, answering this, writing for a package, will deny after using. **VITÆ-ORE** has cured more chronic, obstinate, pronounced incurable cases than any other known medicine and will reach every case with a more rapid and powerful curative action than any medicine, combination of medicines, or doctor's prescription which it is possible to procure.

VITÆ-ORE will do the same for you as it has done for hundreds of readers of the **NORTHERN MESSENGER** if you will give it a trial. **Send for a $1 package at our risk.** You have nothing to lose but the stamp to answer this announcement. **We want no one's money whom Vitæ-Ore cannot benefit.** Can anything be more fair? What sensible person, no matter how prejudiced he or she may be, who desires a cure and is willing to pay for it would hesitate to try **Vitæ-Ore** on this liberal offer! One package is usually sufficient to cure ordinary cases; two or three for chronic, obstinate cases. **We mean just what we say** in this announcement, and will do just what we agree.

40 YEARS' ILLNESS

COMPLETELY CURED!

Wife Also Cured

of a Serious Complication of Troubles.

For forty years I suffered with Rheumatism and for sixteen years I was subject to Fainting spells followed by dizziness; for seven years I had Itching Piles. I also had a continued recurrence of a Stomach Disorder and could not retain my food. I was a weak, helpless wreck when I began using Vitæ-Ore, but two weeks' use of a trial treatment caused

a marked improvement in my case. I have now used five packages in all and my Rheumatism has been entirely cured. The Piles, Fainting Spells and Stomach Troubles disappeared months ago and have not returned.

I spent hundreds of dollars for medicine and got no results until I used Vitæ-Ore, therefore I cannot praise it enough. I also wish to mention the case of my wife who suffered with Rheumatism, Piles and Prolapsus. I persuaded her last summer to use Vitæ-Ore; one package relieved her greatly and after a month's use of it she was well, and remains so.

Reuben M. Morse,
Newport, R. I.

CURED OF CATARRH OF STOMACH AND BOWELS

I was a great sufferer from Catarrh of the Bowels for a number of years. After using many different kinds of medicine, in fact, everything that was recommended to me, I almost lost all hope of ever getting any better until the Theo. Noel Company of Chicago sent me a trial package of Vitæ-Ore. After only a few days' use my hope of a complete cure was again revived, the change being so prompt and immediate. I purchased and used about five packages of Vitæ-Ore, and through this medicine am now again able to wield the sledge-hammer and shoe horses and do my blacksmith work as in years when I was younger. My stomach and bowels are better than they have been for thirty years past and it is all due to Vitæ-Ore. I can conscientiously and truly recommend Vitæ-Ore to all persons suffering from Catarrh of the Stomach and Bowels, and would consider myself, indeed, selfish did I not write and tell what it has done for me, so that others may be cured as I have been.

HIRAM C. POWELL, Center, Ind.

A CERTAIN AND NEVER FAILING CURE FOR

Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Blood Poisoning, Heart Trouble, Dropsy, Catarrh, and Throat Affections, Liver, Kidney, and Bladder Ailments, Stomach and Female Disorders, La Grippe, Malarial Fever, Nervous Prostration, and General Debility.

Cured of Female Weakness With One Package.

Rednersville, Ont.

I had ulceration of the womb; have been troubled with it for two years or more. I doctored for three months this summer, at a cost of $10 a month, and was no better at the end of that time than I was when I started treatment. My husband saw the Vitæ-Ore advertisement and he told me to send for the medicine right away. I did so, and one package of Vitæ-Ore did me more good than all the doctors' medicine put together. I have not felt so well in three years, and I owe it all to this remedy. I would strongly advise any woman suffering from female weakness in any form to give it a trial.

Mrs. Walter Belnap.

FROM THE EARTH'S VEINS TO YOUR VEINS

READ THE TESTIMONY.

Read it again and again. No such words have ever been said or written about any other medicine; no such expression can be commanded by any other treatment. Vitæ-Ore is as different from other remedies as is pure milk from chalk and water, or the brilliant sunlight from the tallow candle. It does not take even **hope,** to cure with Vitæ-Ore. It takes only a trial—all we ask. **This medicine from the earth's veins, enters the veins of the sick and suffering person and cures,** whether the sufferer believes in it or not, whether he wants it to or no. Its elements enter the blood, the vital organ, and WORK, WORK, WORK—a work that does not take **faith,** does not take **confidence,** does not take **belief,** means a cure. Send for it **to-day,** to be sent to you by mail, **postpaid** by us, at our risk and expense.

THEO. NOEL, Geologist, N. M. Dept Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

The Grace of Cheerfulness.

I said: I will be glad to-day!
The rain-clouds drift along the hills,
The grass is drowned in lakes and rills,
The birds of song are chilled and mute,
The dreariness seems absolute;
And yet I will be glad to-day!

I will be glad, be glad to-day,
Though many tiresome tasks are set
My patient hands, I will forget
The frets that trouble and depress,
And think on things of pleasantness;
And so I will be glad to-day!

I will be glad to-day, to-day;
For summer suns again will shine,
The air will thrill like tonic wine,
The birds will sing as n'er before,
And with these blisses yet in store,
Why should I not be glad to-day?
—Emma A. Lente, in 'Christian Endeavor World.'

The Personal Relations of Fathers and Sons.

I was afraid of my father. So were my brothers. We loved him, but there was no community of interest between us then, nor in later life. Yet he was a capable man, whose intimacy would have conferred a charm to our boyhood and a benefit to our character that nothing in after life can compensate for.

I have observed hundreds of families, only to find that my boyish experience is all too common. The father may be 'too busy' to get acquainted with his sons. 'I have no time to spend with my boys as you do,' is often said to me. Then make time. You will accomplish more in your busines by so planning that you may enjoy the renewed vigor that comes from sensible play or intelligent work with your children, especially the boys.

Your dignity and parental authority will not suffer if you use godly judgment. 'Familiarity breeds contempt' only when it ought to! Most people lack tact, partly because it was not developed in youth. Intimacy between father and son is a school of tact in which teacher and child benefit equally. A father said to me in despair: 'I can't "get at" my boy; somehow we don't understand each other at all.' That man would resent it if told that he did not possess sufficient tact to 'get at' some set of men with whom he wished to do business! The boy is a little man—in many ways not so much smaller than ourselves as we may think.

'When my boys get along in their teens, I shall go off with them a good deal and devote time and thought to training their character,' said another fried, whose only hours at home are mostly spent in bed. He is deceiving himself. We must grow up with the boys, or they get away from us.

The first time my youngest boy did a job of painting at the house, he made a mess of it, though I had shown him how. Mother said: 'You would have hired it done better, pater.'

'Yes, but the boy would not have had the experience, nor I the fun.'

Mother looked thoughtful, and then remarked: 'How true that is! It is little enough our boys have to do, because we live in a town house, but this is all the more reason for encouraging them to do everything possible.' Now that boy can do more about the house than I can—almost as much as his mother. Experience is about the only good teacher.

Let the father make the first advances toward a community of interests, and the way in which the boys respond will surprise and delight him. The benefit will be mutual. The father often gets more out of it than the boys. It keeps him young, gives him a new view of life, keeps him in touch with childhood hopes and fears, and in sympathy with the enthusiasm and aspirations of youth. The bigger a man's character the more he will profit by such association; the smaller the father's nature the more he needs it.

The personal relations of fathers and sons are intended to supplement each other. Nature meant it that way. But here, as in all other respects, how often are we blind to the joys and responsibilities nature offers!—'Good Housekeeping.'

I CURED MY RUPTURE

I will show you how to cure yours FREE

"I was helpless and bedridden for years from a bad rupture. No truss could hold. Doctors said I would die if not operated upon. I fooled them all and cured myself by the Rice Method. I advise all ruptured persons to use this method," writes Mr. Robt. Howard, Muskoka Co., Ont. A **Free Trial** of this marvellous Method sent Free to all who write at once, giving description of their case. Thousands have been cured and **IT WILL CURE YOU.** Write to-day.

Dr. W. S. Rice, 21 East Queen St. Block (631 **Toronto, Ont.**

The most serviceable and keen

KNIFE FREE.

Just for selling one dozen copies of our new century publication, 'World Wide', at 5 cents each. A fifty cent certificate accompanies each copy. Sells at sight to the best people in each community. It is the cheapest and best of its kind.

This is a regular Man's Jack Knife, and any boy who gets it will have something to be proud of. Ask by post card for one dozen copies of 'World Wide,' and they will be sent immediately.

Peterboro, March 21st, 1905.

Dear Sirs,—I received the 'World Wide' to-day, and started to sell them right away. It took me about half-an-hour to sell them all.

L. FAUX.

WHY NOT HAVE A NICE GARDEN?

when you can do so at such a small cost. JUST THINK! We give 23 varieties of vegetables and 6 packets of flower seeds (one liberal package of each). Also ¼ pt. each Sweet Corn, Wax Beans and Garden Peas for $1.00. We are able to do this because we have them all ready to send out the moment your order arrives. Therefore, no time lost in filling order.

$2.00 Vegetable and Flower Seed Collection for $1.00.

1 Pkt. Beet—Turnip
1 " Cabbage—Early Express
1 " " —Large Brunswick, short stemmed
1 " Carrot—Half-long Scarlet Nantes
1 " Cucumber—Thorburn's Everbearing
1 " Onion—Large Red Wethersfield
1 " Parsnip—Imp. Hollow-crowned
1 " Pepper—mixed varieties
1 " Pumpkin—Calhoun
1 " Parsley—Taber's Exquisite
1 " Radish—Turnip-shaped Long Scarlet
1 " Salsify or Vegetable Oyster
1 " Spinach—Giant Thick leaved
1 " Squash—Orange Marrow Mixed summer varieties
1 " Tomato—Paramount
1 " Turnip—Red Top White Globe
1 " each Summer Savory, Sage, Thyme
½ Pint Corn—Early Sweet
½ " Beans—Dwarf Wax
1 Pkt. Cucumber—Pickling
1 " Celery — Giant Golden Heart
1 " Lettuce—Imp. Hanson
1 " Musk Melon—mixed varieties
1 " Water Melon— " "
1 " Vine Peach
1 " Onion—Yellow Globe Danvers
1 " Cauliflower—Extra Early Paris
½ Pint Peas—Early Dwarf Garden

FLOWER SEEDS

1 pkt. Balsam—best Double Mixed
1 " Aster—all varieties
1 " Mignonette—Large Flowering
1 " Stocks—Dwarf German Ten-weak, mixed
1 " Phlox—Grandiflora, mixed
1 Nest-Egg Gourds

Send to-day while you think of it. You will never regret it. Address all orders to—

DARCH & HUNTER, Seedsmen, Coll. Dept., London, Ont.

Send for our Catalogue of Small Seeds or our Farm Catalogue for Farmers, Free.

No Breakfast Table complete without

EPPS'S

An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact, fitted to build up and maintain robust health, and to resist winter's extreme cold. It is a valuable diet for children.

COCOA

The Most Nutritious and Economical.

I WOULD LIKE EVERY WOMAN to write for our New Styles and Samples of $4.50 to $12 Suits in cloth, silk, linen and lustres; also raincoats, skirts and waists. Manager SOUTHCOTT SUIT CO. London, Can. Dept. 19

THE BABY'S OWN

NORTHERN MESSENGER

(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly.)

To Separate Addresses.

Single copy.. .. .. 40c
Three copies to separate addresses $1.00
Four copies to separate addresses. 1.20
More than four at the rate of thirty cents each.

S. S. Clubs.

Sunday-school Clubs, ten or more copies to one address, twenty cents per copy per annum.

Postage.

The above rates include postage for Canada (excepting Montreal City), Nfld., U.S. and its Colonies, also Cuba, Great Britain, Mexico, New Zealand, Transvaal, British Honduras, Bermuda Barbadoes, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar, Hongkong, Cyprus, Fiji, Jamaica, Malta, Trinidad, British Guiana, Gibraltar.

For Montreal and foreign countries not mentioned above, add 50c a copy postage.

Sample Copies.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers. Montreal.

Boys' Watch Free

We will give this handsome watch free to any boy for selling only one dozen of our annual comic review of the year entitled **"1904 CARICATURED"** at ten cents each. A 50 cent certificate given free with each.

The watch has a beautiful silvered nickel case, handsomely polished, a hard enamelled dial, heavy bevelled crystal, hour, minute and second hands, and reliable American movement. It will last for years with care.

There is nothing on the market that compares with **"1904 CARICATURED,"** and it is so cheap that there is no trouble in selling it, especially with the fifty cent certificate thrown in. We printed thirty thousand of these the other day and they are nearly all sold already. Write for your dozen of **"1904 CARICATURED"** to-day, post card will bring them by return mail.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

PENDLETON,
March 17th, 1905.

Sirs,—Please find enclosed $1.20 for the watch. I sold all your papers. They sold like wild fire. I hope to hear f om you soon.

FRANK J. WYLIE.

EARN OVER $10 A DAY.

Agents Wanted all over the world. Experience not necessary. Ten dollars a day easily earned taking subscriptions for 'World Wide.' Write for full particulars and our hints for easy canvassing. Address the Publishers of 'World Wide,' Montreal, Canada.

FREE TO SABBATH SCHOOLS

The 'Messenger' is at once the cheapest and most interesting paper published of its kind.

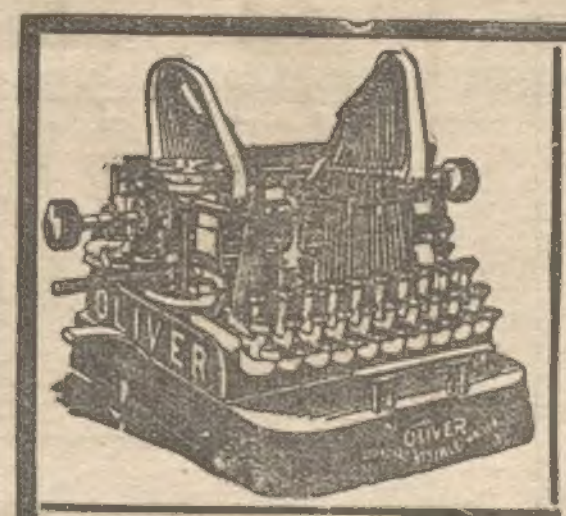
The Subscription rate for Sabbath-school clubs is only Twenty Cents a year.

If your school already takes another paper, perhaps some particular class would try the 'Northern Messenger.' The 'Messenger' stories would prove a real incentive to regular attendance and would be helpful in every home the paper entered.

Our experience is that if one class gets it the whole school will order it before long. The circulation of the 'Northern Messenger' has grown with leaps and bounds, numbering to-day over sixty thousand copies a week.

Superintendents or teachers may have it on trial for four consecutive weeks **FREE OF CHARGE,** in sufficient numbers to give a copy to each family represented.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON



THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER

FACTORY has been removed to more commodious and suitable premises.

THE OLIVER is the most largely sold typewriting machine in the world to-day.

THE OLIVER is a Canadian machine through its inventor, and its being manufactured in Canada as well as in the UnitedStates.

THE OLIVER, being manufactured in Canada, pays no duty as all other Standard machines do.

THE OLIVER is the **Standard Visible** writing machine.

The record of THE OLIVER has never been equalled.

Active and reliable agents are wanted, to whom will be given steady employment if found competent.

You should send for our SPECIAL OFFER.

CANADIAN OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY,
TEMPLE BUILDING, MONTREAL.

GRAND FREE RIFLE OFFER TO BOYS

Shoots B.B. Shot or Darts and Kills Rats, Birds, etc., at a Distance of 50 Feet.

We have a large stock of Glass Pens which we want to clear out before spring. That is why we are making the grandest offer ever made. It is this: Any boy who will dispose of only 15 of our Glass Pens at 10c. each, we will give Free a genuine Steel Barrel Hunting or Target Rifle, latest model, all parts interchangeable, provided with pistol grip, true sights, harmless, strong, durable, shoots accurately. Boys have use for such a gun every minute—hunting in the woods, shooting at targets, drilling as soldiers. Send us your name and address to-day and we will mail you the 15 Glass Pens postpaid. You can easily sell them in 10 minutes. They are wonderful Pens, made entirely of glass and write a page with one dip of ink. When sold return the money and we will promptly send you the Rifle just as described.

FREE GRAPHOPHONE OFFER

In order to further stimulate the sale of our Glass Pens we will as long as the stock lasts give a Graphophone and one Record Free to the first boy in every town and village who earns a Rifle. Write to-day and make sure of getting this Extra Prize. **THE PEN CO., DEPT 490 TORONTO, Ontario**

EASY TO GET

We trust you with 16 of our handsomely bound 25c. Canadian Home Cook Books to sell at 15c. Each one contains 739 tested Recipes and other valuable information for housekeepers. No trouble to sell them. When sold, return money, and for your trouble we will give you the loveliest little Watch, stem wind and set, decorated dial, French crystal, fancy Gold hands and polished Silver nickel case, enamelled in beautifully colored designs. Every girl or lady who answers this advertisement to-day will get a chance to win a New Model, High Grade $25 Bicycle Free. We send Cook Books postpaid. Address The Maxwell Co., Dept. 442 Toronto

Win a WATCH and BICYCLE

All you have to do is to sell only 2 doz. large beautiful packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each Each package contains the finest mixture in the world, over 60 different varieties. They sell like hot cakes. We send them to you postpaid. When sold return the money you get for them, and we will promptly send you a lovely little Lady's or Girl's Watch, gold hands, fancy dial, accurate movement, handsomely polished case, ornamented with roses and leaves in colors, a very beautiful watch and a good time-keeper. Girls' Read. If you will write us to-day, and be prompt in selling the seeds we will enter your name in our Grand Bicycle Contest by which every Girl and Lady will have a chance to win a **New Model $25.00 Bicycle, absolutely free.** Remember all you have to do is to sell only 24 packages of seeds. Don't miss such a grand chance. Address: The Prize Seed Co., Dept. 438 Toronto

WE TRUST YOU

With 10 of our fast selling packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds, the best in Canada, to sell at 10c. each. Write us now and we'll mail them postpaid They are so large, so beautiful and so cheap that everybody buys. When sold return the money, and, for your trouble, we'll give you a lovely Gold-finished Ring, any size, set with three very large beautifully colored Pink Pearls and perfect imitation Diamonds that glisten and sparkle just like real Diamonds. We'll also give you an opportunity to win a High Grade Lady's or Girl's New Model $25 Bicycle Free, without selling any more seeds. Write to-day sure. **The Dominion Seed Co., TORONTO, DEPT. 432,**

FREE GENUINE Ostrich Plume

Black or white, long, very full and beautifully curled. You couldn't buy it in your store for less than $3.00. Any lady can make herself a very stylish hat, worth at least $10.00, by simply trimming an ordinary shape with our handsome Ostrich plume. It won't cost you one cent. We will give you this **Genuine Ostrich Plume, full size,** (no imitation, remember), if you will sell only 20 of our handsomely bound 25c. Cook Books at 15c. each. Each book contains 739 tested recipes and other valuable hints and information for housekeepers. Write for the Cook Books to-day and we'll mail them postpaid. When sold return the money and we'll promptly send you this **Genuine Ostrich Plume** for your trouble. You risk nothing. We trust you with our Books and take back what you cannot sell. Address The Maxwell Co., Dept. **426,** Toronto, Ontario

EARN THIS WATCH,

With polished silver nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and reliable American movement, by selling only 18 Glass Pens at 10c each. These wonderful Pens sell like hot cakes everywhere. They are made entirely of glass, never rust, never wear out and write a page with one dip of ink. Write us to-day and we will mail the Pens postpaid. THE PEN CO. Dept. 455, Toronto.

WE TRUST YOU

With 2 doz. large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell for us at **10c.** each. For your trouble we will give you a beautiful little Watch with Gold hands on which a large rose with buds and leaves is elegantly enamelled in seven colors. Elna Robinson, Pewassan, Ont., says: "My watch is a perfect beauty." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. A 50c. Certificate free with each package. Gracie Brown, Cheverie, N.S., said: "I sold all the Seeds in a few minutes." **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 414, TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

WE TRUST YOU

With sixteen beautiful Turnover Collars to sell for us at only 15c. each For your trouble we will give you a beautiful little watch with gold hands on which a large rose with buds and leaves is elegantly enamelled in seven colors. The collars are handsomely made of fine lace and lawn and sell regularly in stores for 25c. At 15c you can sell them all in a few minutes. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the collars postpaid. A Certificate worth 50c, free with each one. **THE HOME ART COMPANY, Dept. 450 Toronto, Ont.**

WHAT BOY WANTS A WATCH and BICYCLE?

If you do, send us your name and address and we'll mail you postpaid, 18 large, beautiful colored packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds, the best in Canada, to sell at 10c. each. Send us the money you get for them and for your work we'll give you one of the handsomest boy's watches you ever saw—solid silver nickel case, highly polished, accurate American movement, porcelain dial, good plain figures, fine blue steel hands, heavy bevelled French crystal—a splendid time-keeper and a watch that any boy would be proud to wear. **Grand Extra Prize.**—If you will write us to-day and be prompt in selling the Seeds, we will give you an opportunity to get a **New Model High Grade $25 Bicycle absolutely free** without selling any more Seeds. We are a reliable company and do exactly what we say. Our Sweet Pea Packages are the easiest things you ever tried to sell. Write at once. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., DEPARTMENT 422, Toronto.**

COSTS YOU NOTHING

We send you, postpaid, 10 handsome 25c. Home Cook Books to sell amongst your friends at 15c. each. Each one contains **739** tested Recipes and other valuable information for housekeepers. When sold return the money and we will promptly send you a very handsome Gold-finished Ring, any size, set with three very large beautiful pink Pearls and magnificent imitation Diamonds, that flash and sparkle just like Real Diamonds, also a handsome Lady's Hand Bag, worth $1.00 alone, latest style, containing separate purse, fine imported leather, silver clasps and fancy handle. Understand, we give both the Ring and Hand Bag for selling only 10 Cook Books. You take no risk. We trust you with the Books and take back what you can't sell. The Maxwell Co., Dept. **425**, Toronto, Ontario

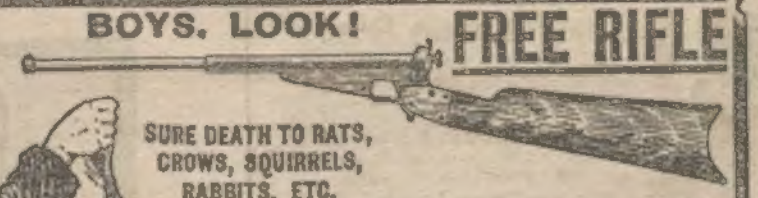
VALUABLE RING AND GOLD WATCH FREE

All we ask you to do is to sell **10** of our large beautiful fast-selling packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds, the best in the world. (Every package contains **over 60** of the rarest prettiest, most fragrant, largest flowering varieties in every imaginable color.) Sell them at 10c. each, return the money, and we will promptly send you this beautiful Ring, finished in 14k. Gold and set with large magnificent Pearls and sparkling Imitation Diamonds that can hardly be told from the real stones. If you write at once for the Seeds we will give you an opportunity to get an elegant Gold-finished double Hunting Case Watch, Lady's or Gentleman's size, Free, in addition to the Ring. Address **The Prize Seed Co., Dept. 41 Toronto, Ont**

DON'T SEND US ONE CENT

We trust you with 20 of our large beautiful fast-selling packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds to sell at 10c each. Nothing easier, boys. When sold return us the money and we'll promptly send you this handsome Boy's Flag Watch, the newest thing out—made a big hit at the World's Fair. Fine expansion balance, quick train, polished hour, minute and seconds hands, reliable movement, silver nickel case or handsome 14k. gold-plated case, whichever you prefer, ornamented with the Stars and Stripes and Union Jack in colors. Everyone will say it's a beauty as soon as you take it out of your pocket. But that's not all. We're going to give a Grand Prize of a $25 Bicycle Free to the person who sells our Seeds in the shortest time. Here is a chance for a hustling boy. Write for the Seeds to-day, and we'll send them postpaid. **THE SEED SUPPLY CO., DEPARTMENT 427, TORONTO, ONT.**

BOYS. LOOK! FREE RIFLE



SURE DEATH TO RATS, CROWS, SQUIRRELS, RABBITS, ETC.

Boys! How would you like to have an **All-Steel Long-Distance Air Rifle** of the best make and latest model, that shoots B. B. Shot, Slugs and Darts with terrific force and perfect accuracy? We are giving away **Absolutely Free** these splendid Rifles to anyone who will sell only **1½ doz.** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties. In every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** M. Species, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the Seeds sold. They went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Boys, this is the best Air Gun made. It has all steel barrel and fittings. Improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock. Is always ready for Squirrels Rats, Sparrows, etc. Geo. Allen, Brandon, Man., says: "I received my Rifle yesterday and think it is a beauty. I have shot 5 birds already." **Dominion Seed Co.,** Dept. **433** Toronto.

SEND NO MONEY

If You want this Beautiful WATCH and RING

All you have to do is to sell only 7 of our large, beautifully bound 25c. Canadian Home Cook Books at 15c. each. Each one contains 739 Choice Recipes. Every lady will buy one as soon as she sees them. When sold, return the money and we will promptly send you a lovely Gold finished Pearl and Diamond Ring, any size. The stones are so beautifully colored, so brilliant and sparkling that they can hardly be told from the real gems. Write for the Cook Books to-day and we will give you an opportunity to get a handsome 14k. Gold finished, beautifully engraved Watch, Lady's or Gent's size free as an extra Prize. **THE MAXWELL CO., Department 441 Toronto.**

"THE WATCH IS A DANDY

FREE FREE FREE

And takes the shine wherever it goes." That is what Leo. C. Gavin, Melcombe, Ont., said about his watch, and we have hundreds of other letters from delighted boys who have received handsome watches for selling only 1½ doz. of our large beautiful packages of fresh **Sweet Pea Seeds**, the best in Canada, at **10c.** each. Every package is handsomely decorated in 12 colors and contains 51 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. Write to-day and we will send the Seeds, postpaid, for you to sell; also 1½ doz. Certificates, each worth 50c, one of which is to be given away free with each package. When sold, return money and we will immediately send you one of the handsomest watches you ever saw—with solid silver nickel case, nicely engraved edge, decorated dial, heavy bevelled crystal hour, minute and seconds hands, and reliable American movement. With care it will last **10 years.** Write to-day sure. **Seed Supply Co.,** Dept. **432 Toronto.**

Earn a CAMERA and BICYCLE

Go for a Ride and Take Pictures of What You See.

All you have to do is to sell only 15 of our large beautiful fast-selling packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. **It won't take 10 minutes,** and for your trouble we will give you, Free, a Camera and Outfit and full instructions, so that you can learn how to take pictures and print them in a few hours. Outfit consists of 1 box Dry Plates, Hypo, Developer, Fixing Powder, etc., etc., everything necessary to make good pictures. We will also give you an opportunity to get a new model Bicycle, boy's or man's size, an up-to-date wheel that you couldn't buy in your town for less than **$25.00, Absolutely Free,** without selling any more Seeds." Remember, only 15 packages of Seeds to sell, and we guarantee to do exactly as we say. Write to-day and we will mail the Seeds postpaid. The Seed Supply Co., Dept. **411,** Toronto, Ont

FREE STEAM ENGINE

Makes 300 Revolutions in a minute. Easy running, swift and powerful. Strongly made of steel and brass, handsomely nickel plated. Has belt wheel, steam whistle and safety valve, iron stand, brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and Russian iron burner compartments. Boys! this big, powerful Steam Engine is free to you for selling only 9 large, beautifully colored packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at **10c.** each. **Everybody buys them.** Roy Butler, Wilsonville, Ont., said: "I sold the seeds in a few minutes. People said they were fine." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Order now, as we have only a limited quantity of these special Engines on hand. Arnold Wiseman, Kirkton, Ont., said: "My Engine is a beauty and a grand premium for so little work. **PRIZE SEED CO., Dept. 415 Toronto**

Punch and Judy 27-in. High FREE

These figures come in beautiful fast oil colors on strong sateen, and they can be stuffed with cotton or old rags of any kind, as directions will show. Boys and Girls, do you know how much fun there is giving a Punch and Judy show? Do you know how many pennies you can make, too? Then why not have a Punch and Judy of your own? You can get them for nothing from us if you will sell only 15 large beautiful packages of our fresh Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains the finest mixture in the world, over 50 different varieties, all large flowering, deliciously fragrant, and in endless combinations of beautiful colors. They are the fastest sellers you ever saw. It won't take 10 minutes to sell the whole 15. Write to-day, and we will mail you the seeds postpaid, and as soon as we get the money for them we will send you this Punch and Judy free. There are barrels of fun in store for you. Don't delay. **The Prize Seed Co., Dept. 407, Toronto**

Big Magic Lantern FREE

Fitted with double Telescope Crystal lenses made of lacquered brass and nickel plated, handsomely designed; complete with oil lamp and large assortment of colored slides. Best thing known for evening amusements and shows. Send us your name and address for only 15 of our large, fast-selling, beautifully-colored packages of Sweet Pea Seeds, the best in the world, to sell at 10c. each. Return us the money received and we will send you the Magic Lantern and complete outfit at once. Write to-day, **THE PRIZE SEED CO., DEPARTMENT 436 TORONTO, ONTARIO**

VALUABLE RING AND GOLD WATCH FREE

All we ask you to do is to sell 7 of our Turnover Collars made of beautiful Lace and fine Lawn, worth 25c., at 15c each. They are the latest fashion in neckwear and sell like hot cakes. When sold return the money and we will promptly send you this beautiful Ring finished in 14k. Gold and set with large magnificent Pearls and sparkling Imitation Diamonds that can hardly be told from the real stones. If you write at once for the Collars we will give you an opportunity to get an elegant Gold-finished double Hunting Case Watch, Lady's or Gentleman's size free in addition to the Ring. Address at once The Home Art Co., Dept. 441 Toronto

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger'